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A

MEMORIAL

OF

LOUIS SANDFORD SCHUYLER, 1852-1878

PRIEST.

Learned, James E

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VATTENE IN PACE, ALMA BEATA E BELLA.

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—"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about Him was a sufferer—
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

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L. L. Schuyler

PREFACE.

It has been said of our Communion that it could not be a true portion of the One, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, for it had not the Note of Sanctity. That it had at least fair semblances of others, was admitted; others, which it lacked, were perhaps not vital; but this one, prëeminent, necessary mark of a true Church of God, it neither had, nor seemed to have. And if to this were added that it seemed not to care for it, nor even to miss it, the statement might still have been, in a large way, and approximately, true. Accurately and destructively true of the Anglican Church it never was. She has had her Saints in every generation. But, undoubtedly, *in habit*, for several centuries, the religious genius of English-speaking peoples has not tended toward very high expression in personal holiness. This expression has been hindered naturally, by their ruling passion of independence, their curious reserve, their intense practicalness which laid hold on things apparently nearest, and wrought that mighty task of political accomplishment, and enormous physical labour, which is a true and proper

glory of our race—a work which seemed prepared and waiting for it, and which GOD permitted it to do.

And as, in His marvellous processes which men call slow, seeing them out of relation to the Eternal Now, some things in time must seem to precede others, so even the spiritual nurture and practical religious instruction of this English race, affected directly by these innate qualities and this preoccupation, and indirectly by them through interference of the State, have long reacted upon and heightened, rather than attempered them. Thus natural aptitudes, and environment, have kept dormant the immanent spiritual energy of a great people, and the religious life, in which its strong and high powers would find true development, and most noble exercise, has awaited the fulness of time.

Now, it appears to be the will of Almighty GOD to take away this reproach from us, and in an age which we have learned to call peculiarly one of luxury, irreverence, and self-will, the idea of sacrifice, humility, obedience, arises newborn: in the day of tremendous physical achievement and material triumph—as though that work were finishing—it has pleased Him, in the revived life of His Church, to advance with equal foot the Supernatural Wonders of His Grace. "Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which

is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

The chief purpose of this Memorial is to show the revived life of the Church in the history of one of her members, whose own life, also, was not unique, but a figure and image of many lives now daily offered in our Communion, which "go from strength to strength, and unto the GOD of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion." For the issue of saintliness is Saints —not *vice-versâ*—and to know the virtue we must consider men. And, furthermore, as the Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, has just observed,* "popular skepticism being what it is, the main method of meeting it must be not an argument but a man; the Minister, in other words, who deals with unbelief most successfully to-day will not be he who is most skilful in proving truths or disproving errors, but he who is most powerful in strengthening faith in people's lives by the way in which the power of faith is uttered through his own character. * * * If unbelief comes not by the processes of logic, but by the power of life, then it is through change of life that the relief from unbelief must come, and change of life comes by the power of truth, not abstract, but in and through character."

There are other reasons why Louis Schuyler's life

**Princeton Review*, March, 1879, pp. 297–8.

should be written. Natural affection would prompt it, with proud and sad regard. Gratitude of the warm-hearted people whom he helped in grievous trouble would prompt it. It is due to the whole Sacred Order of Priests, whose true vocation he illustrated, and whose high fellowship he more exalted. It is due to the great Order of Men, whose brother he is. But the most tender eulogy of him would be a sort of violence done to his sweet humility unless there were a true intent of serving GOD in it. Then he might even

> "Suffer himself to be desired,
> And not blush so to be admired."

Therefore the serious design of this history is not to celebrate a man, but the power of Divine Grace in him—to show how entirely feasible (though assuredly not easy) it is for one in our day, and in our Church, to live a life very like to that of JESUS CHRIST. And if it seem rather a startling thing, and hardly reverent, to say of any man that he was much like Him, we must consider what a strange, pathetic sign of our essential *ir*reverence—and of the need of more such lives—*that* is, after Nineteen Centuries of Christianity!

It is simply and literally true of Schuyler that he followed very closely the Pattern of his LORD'S life—nearest It when farthest from the usual ways of men.

Being such a life, the story of it might well be left to teach its own lessons, without further comment here, yet three things shall be noticed.

Schuyler's was no "fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed." His life was spent in the ordinary work of a Parish Minister, subject to the temptations of that lot, which his brethren know; I do not—let them say if they be not many. Had he been a recluse, or even had he joined the Brotherhood which he sought, and gained the support of a Community-Life, something might be allowed for circumstances, but as it is, nothing in him is beyond attainment by any in Holy Orders—at least, by any who choose to be of "the hundred and forty and four thousand."

Then, it is most instructive to note that his life, spent solely in unearthly labours, and for unearthly rewards, suddenly brought him, without thought of his, a high prize of earthly fame, in greater measure than is often meted to long lives devoted chiefly to acquiring it. Earthly fame he won in eminent degree. To live in all men's speech, and mind, and memories; to have one's name in all newspapers, with ardent praise; to be celebrated in Sermons, Addresses, in formal Minutes and Records of enduring honour—even to have a little book written about one, like this—

these all are parts of Fame. And they are all its parts—they are Fame. And this reward, for which many men strive with constant and intensest desire, came to Schuyler by the mere operation of his self-forgetfulness and self-effacement. His life of broken effort and apparent failure issued even in *this*, and became, even judged by worldly and temporal standards, a success and a triumph. Seeking "first the kingdom of GOD, and His righteousness," this thing was added unto him.

Finally, concerning the quality of Schuyler's deed at Memphis.—We know well the fierce joy which men have in pure courage. We know and exult in the plentifulness of that noble virtue—how it abounds in all human history. But we do not deeply consider the ignoble use we make of it, keeping it chiefly for conquering savages, or riding Balaklava-fields. We esteem it a fine thing, though put to fatuous or futile employment. Sometimes, as under stress of a great calamity, men lift courage into higher use, and our hearts thrill with admiration when we see it employed in saving men's bodies instead of destroying them—when, as at Memphis, we see noble men and women—the famous Howard Association, the Sisters, and hundreds of others unnamed and unknown by us—steadfastly brav-

ing the horrors of pestilence, and calmly yielding up their lives that others may live. This we call "*true* courage"—with a glow of gratitude, beholding it divested of false lustre and shining with its own inward ray. But Schuyler, with his clarified vision seeing in what we call realities the actual phantasms, and discerning the true realities in spiritual things, lifted courage still higher, and used it neither for destroying men's bodies, nor for saving them, but to save their souls. This makes the supreme worth and value of his action —its teaching by example the great and needed lesson of the reality—the "*vraie vérité*"—of the Supernatural, and the power of Faith.

No preaching of the surpassing importance of spiritual concerns could ever reach men's hearts like his calm showing that men's souls are worth at least as much to save them as their bodies, and that there are those who deeply know and act on this. And it has been ordered that no criticism of his act can stand before the known result of it. For JESUS CHRIST has said that the whole world is not a sufficient price for a single human soul, and by GOD'S grace Louis Schuyler was permitted to save a man's soul in Memphis, and to know that he had done it. Fully believing our LORD'S words, he counted not his life a dear price for

that one soul, and, unlike the young man "who made the great refusal," he parted with his "great possessions" of youth, and life, and earthly love. Willing to "be perfect," he sold all that he had and gave to the poor, and went and followed JESUS. He shall have "treasure in heaven." And for us remains the Divine comment on his action:—"Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it."

J. E. L.

NEWARK,
MID-LENT,
A. D. 1879.

LIFE.

"The idea of thy life shall sweetly creep
Into my study of imagination."

LOUIS SANDFORD SCHUYLER, son of the Rev'd Montgomery Schuyler, D. D., and Lydia E. Schuyler, was born into this world in the city of Buffalo, in New York, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1852.

His remote ancestor, Philip Pieterse Van Schuyler, came to this country soon after the Dutch occupation from a town of Holland which in still more distant time had either taken or given the family name, and settled himself where is now the city of Albany. "The Flats" first occupied by him is still in the possession of the family, and must be one of the oldest homesteads in the country. There he married (Dec. 12th, 1650) Margaretta Van Slechtenhorst, and after the fashion of those days begat sons and daughters in multitude.

Their third son, Arent, married (Nov. 26, 1684) Jannetie Teller, and removed to the city of New York, having a country-seat on the Passaic River, in

New Jersey, near to the village of Belleville. The mansion, commanding one of the loveliest reaches of this charming river, still remains, though greatly changed by succeeding owners.

Casparus, the second son of Arent, who dropped the distinctive particle and gave its present form to the family name, settled at or near Burlington, N. J., where, in 1723, he married Mary Schuyler. He died in Burlington. His only son, Arent, passed his life in Burlington, where (May 19th, 1748) he married Jannetie Van Wagenen. Their eldest son, Arent, had large estates at Pompton, N. J., and married (Oct. 18, 1785) Hester Dey, only daughter of a gentleman whose seat was near to the present city of Paterson. At this gentleman's house General Washington was a frequent visitor, and her living descendants have often heard their grandmother speak of a dinner there, at which she presided, as the only lady present, with General Washington at her right.

The eldest son of this marriage, Anthony Dey, was born at a place then and now called Point Pleasant, on the Delaware, a little above Burlington. He married Sarah Ridge (Oct. 25th, 1810). He engaged in business in Burlington and afterward in New York, but before the year 1820 was settled upon an estate on the bank of Seneca Lake, in the neighbourhood of Geneva, N. Y.

His second son, Montgomery, was born in the city of New York. He entered Geneva (now Hobart)

College, but was graduated at Union College, Schenectady. He married (Oct. 10, 1843) Lydia E., daughter of Nicholas J. Roosevelt, of Skaneateles, N. Y.

Many lines of collateral descent have been equally enduring, and the family record of public and private virtue and manly service to society and the State is known of all men.

Probably no man living cared less about mere social distinctions than the subject of this Memoir. Earthly attractions seemed not to touch him. He made himself poor for Christ's sake, and was a companion of the poor. Yet, while he completely performed the duty exacted of all men by Chinese law—that by their own deeds they should ennoble the ancestors from whom they sprung—it is probable that he had a just esteem of ancestral worth, and took it for an inheritance in trust to him.

Whether this be so, or not, the effect of much accumulated virtue showed in him, and it may have been a necessary preparation of him for the work he had to do, that other men should have wrought well. Perhaps many past deeds of modest, brave achievement matured his perfect courage, and long-forgotten self-denials occultly aided his sacrifice of himself. For though the ways of Almighty Power as observed by men seem sometimes devious, yet even the grace of GOD, ordinarily, follows the "line of least resistance."

At the time of Louis Schuyler's birth his father was

Rector of St. John's Church, Buffalo, and in that church Louis was baptized by the Rev'd Dr. Shelton, of Buffalo, April 4th, 1852. His mother died in October of the same year, and within a month after her death he suffered a very severe illness, from which he was almost miraculously restored; a kind lady of St. John's Parish watching him with a mother's care. But for some time after this he was a delicate child.

In the month of September, 1854, his father resigned St. John's, and, having been married a short time before, removed to St. Louis, Mo., where he took charge of Christ Church on the first day of October in that year.

At the age of six years Louis was sent to a private school taught by a lady of the Parish. She has given her reminiscences of him as a bright, affectionate child, like all of that restless age at times mischievous, yet remarkably conscientious. It was her custom to give the children a lesson in the Catechism, to be recited on Fridays, and Louis never failed to remind her of this lesson, and was always prepared. Once after she had reproved him for some mischief she requested him to take a note to his father containing the quarterly school-bill. Louis at once frankly declared that he would not carry it if it said anything about his naughtiness. Even at that childish age he used to talk to her about his wish to be a Priest, and as he grew older the feeling only deepened, and it was

his abiding thought that there could be no other choice for him.

These faint early traits are intensely characteristic —the sweet brightness, the transparent truthfulness, the passionate desire of holy things, the "hunger and thirst after righteousness." These, too, abided and deepened.

Louis was confirmed by Bishop Hawks on Palm-Sunday, March 30th, 1866, when he had just passed the fourteenth anniversary of his birth-day, and he received his first Communion on Easter-Day, April 6th.

His preparation for college was out of the usual course. Though but little over fourteen years of age, instead of doing as little work as possible, like many boys in that thoughtless time of life, no one could be more studious and diligent. To save his father as much expense as possible he took entire charge of his horse and carriage, and drove him on his round of Parochial visits; but under the seat of the carriage was always laid some book, which Louis eagerly studied while his father was making his visit. For an hour each day he attended an old Professor, and conducted the recitation himself by asking the teacher questions on all the points which he could not master, allowing no part of his studies to pass until he had searched it to the bottom.

He entered the Freshman Class in Hobart College in the Autumn of 1867. He left college to return to his home at the close of the first term of the Senior

year. While remaining at home he continued his studies, and was enabled to pass the closing examination, and to be graduated with his class.

The following letter belongs to this period:

"SKANEATELES, May 21, 1871.

"MY DEAR FATHER: * * * I am very much better, so much so that the Doctor says he can see no reason for my not returning to college and graduating if I will not work too hard, but take things easy. I feel and look very much better. I am much stronger since I came to Skaneateles, not two weeks ago. I have gained in that time twelve pounds. When I left St. Louis I was not at all strong, and very nervous. When I reached Geneva I was much weaker and still more nervous, on account of the long, tedious journey. I might, however, have improved by rest, but I went hard to work, and the circumstances were not pleasant or encouraging. The first night I went to my room I turned out the gas and went to bed. * * * * The gas is turned off whenever the screw, or whatever it is called, is turned half-way—there is nothing to stop it. I turned it till it stopped, as is the case with all our fixtures at home, and in doing so turned on a full flood of gas, and slept in the room all night with that escaping. Had not the thought struck me (and it must have been dictated by GOD, as I had not the slightest idea that the gas was escaping) of opening the window, I should have been a corpse in the morning. Dr. E. said that that weakened my nervous system very much.

"Though I only came here two weeks ago, you would not suppose I was the same person, so much fleshier, stronger and healthier. To-morrow I intend to go

back. P— has kindly offered to take me into his room till Commencement. If I can I shall go and see R— before Commencement, and afterwards start immediately for St. Louis, unless you have changed your mind and decided to leave for the Summer. * * * * * * The Doctor says I must not take a position where I shall be kept in-doors all day. I think that Nashotah, if I can get the position, is altogether the best place for me, as after recitations are over I can take a good deal of exercise. To go on a farm would be all nonsense. I take no interest in farming, and finding nothing congenial in it, would be unhappy. The Faculty have been very kind to me. They will give me my degree if I am not able to work hard. Father, my sickness has done me a world of good, and I thank GOD for it. It proved to me how little we can depend upon ourselves; for I thought I was well, and had arranged all my studies, so I could have no difficulty in passing my examinations. When I thought I was strongest, then I was truly weak. I can now see how weak and frail I am; but I also see, the more I depend upon GOD, the stronger I am. I shall make a much better clergyman. I could not read much while I was sick, but I read the Bible when I could read at all. I received such consolation, nothing could have done me more good. I opened first at the XII. chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and again at the II. chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. What chapters could have been more consoling? 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;' 'And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins;' 'For by Grace are ye saved through Faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God;' 'But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.'

The chapters are full of consolation, and it almost seemed as if they were picked out for me, as I did not look for them.

"I did not know how I loved all at home until I was sick. Rev. Dr. R. called on me once and read prayers for me, and from that time I got better. My sickness has been better for me than years of health. I feel how dependent I am upon a Higher Power, and with GOD'S help always intend to acknowledge that dependence, and live in accordance with such acknowledgment. I can appreciate the truth of Tennyson's idea of a clergyman, and of the good he can accomplish, when, in the New Year's Eve, he says—

> "'He taught me all the mercy,
> For He showed me all my sin.'

"I shall expect to hear from you soon. Give my love to mother and all the children. Write to me at Geneva, as I expect to go there to-morrow.

"Believe me ever, dear father,

"Your affectionate son,

"LOUIS."

Of Louis' college days the Rev'd Dr. James Rankine says:

"He was in the college here during my incumbency as President, and I was very much interested in him, both on his father's account and on his own. I had some correspondence with him in regard to his completing his college course and his devoting himself to the sacred calling, but his letters have perished. Several times I had serious conferences with him in regard to the call to the Ministry—the obligations and the self-denial involved in so doing. The effect upon myself was a deep impression of his sincerity, conscientiousness, and generosity and nobility of heart."

What is said by Louis' intimate companions in college attests the accuracy of Dr. Rankine's judgment, and may be contained in the words of one of them, who writes:

"He was chiefly remarkable for one thing (a very unusual thing among students)—he faithfully endeavoured to perform every duty incumbent upon him as a student and as a communicant of the Church."

But, fortunately for the purposes of this Memoir, a record, made by a dear friend, full of detail and clear delineation, has been offered to illustrate this history, and will be freely used, here and hereafter. It speaks as follows of the College days, beginning in 1867 :—

"When the Fall term began we took rooms together, about a mile from the College. He had entered as a Freshman, and I was then a Sophomore. And at this time he joined the Secret Society of which I was a member—the *Theta Delta Chi.* He was a quiet, rather reserved person, with occasional flashes of talkativeness. He was decidedly more devotional than are most young men at that age, and I used to consider his evening devotions portentously long. He had very strong home feelings, and one of the subjects of which he never tired talking was his father. And I think he was quite miserable from homesickness a good share of his Freshman Year. He stood more than fairly in all his studies, but his especial favourite was Greek. In that I believe he ranked as high as anyone in his class. But he did not seem to care for College honours, and, I think, never contended for any prize, though all his friends wished him to try for the Greek Essay.

"Though not the kind of man who leads in College

politics, he was not devoid of interest in society and class matters, and was chosen Secretary of his class at the first election. At the same time he did not care near as much for College politics as I did, and we had frequent disagreements on the subject. He would accuse some of us of not being quite fair in our methods, and we would retort that he did not care enough about the results. * * * *
The chief vices among College students then were, what I suppose they always are, drinking, and what St. Paul calls *αἰσχρολογία*. From both these Louis was free, and in his freedom he was exceptional, for it was complete. There was nothing priggish about him on these points. He sang his song and drank his glass at our little suppers, but I never knew of his even verging upon excess, and his talk was always clean and pure. And in this he exerted a wholesome influence.

"At the beginning of Louis' second and my third year we took different rooms in one of the College buildings. I think that Louis enjoyed his College life much better after Freshman Year. His interest in all the matters of our little world increased, and while he lost none of his conscientiousness, he got rid of a certain primness, and was less disposed than at first to make things indifferent matters of conscience. I find in the 'Echo of the Seneca' (our College Publication) for that year the following:

"'WHIST QUARTETTE.

"'70 *ag't* '71.

"'M—— *et* S—— *vs.* S—— *et* C——.'

And it reminds me of many a pleasant evening. I find Louis' name also in the '*Theta Delta Chi* Quintette,' and in the 'Sophomore Glee Club.' And

this suggests his love for music. How much musical ability he had I am not competent to say, but I know that he worked hard at his music. It was either this year or the next that he used to practice on the pianoforte several hours a day. And it was partly because he wanted his spare time for music that he made no attempt to win College honours. He cared little for the common out-door sports, except sailing. That he greatly liked.

"In the Fall term of 1869 Louis and I took the same rooms in the College, and became chums. I look back on that year with much pleasure. We got along very harmoniously, and laid the foundations of a lasting friendship. We were both looking forward to the Holy Ministry, and our talk often took a theological turn. But as neither of us knew much theology, our arguments, for we held different views, resulted in agreeing to disagree. And after awhile we concluded not to talk much upon religious matters. Louis' position then was what would be called High Churchmanship, with a leaning toward Ritualism. I recollect that he got hold of Dr. Ewer's 'Failure of Protestantism' and rejoiced in it.

"In literature our tastes were congenial. We agreed in reckoning Thackeray the greatest of novelists, and 'The Newcomes' his finest work. Louis also set a very high value upon 'Esmond,' which I rated much lower than 'Pendennis' or 'Vanity Fair,' and we had many animated discussions over our preferences. But not all Louis' reverence for Thackeray could induce him to grant any honour to Fielding, whom we both began to read on the credit of Thackeray's praises. Louis never finished his first volume. I used sometimes to tease him by reading aloud Thackeray's praises of Fielding; but he never wavered, and re-

garded Thackeray's criticism on this point as one looks at the sole frailty of a dear master. I remember well the triumph with which he read to me one day what Charlotte Brontë wrote on this matter:—'They say he is like Fielding. * * * He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture; Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does.'—Louis' favourite poet in those days was Shelley, and next to him came Tennyson, of whose 'St. Agnes' Eve' he was specially fond. But Thackeray was for him the great name in literature. And in this he never changed, for I remember discussing 'The Newcomes' with him, in our old fashion, a few days after he came back from England."—

Here ends for the present this just, discriminating comment, and free reminiscence, so

—"moving delicate, and full of life."

In the Fall of 1871 Louis became a teacher in St. Paul's College, Palmyra, Mo., and remained in that position for a period of about two years, while preparing for Holy Orders. He was an indefatigable student, and had a critical and extensive knowledge of Latin and Greek, which languages he continued to study with unabated vigour after he left college, that he might read the Fathers and Holy Scripture in the original tongues. Following this purpose, he began the study of Hebrew, and, as his teacher bears witness, made such remarkable progress in this study that in a short time he was able to continue without instruction.

He was admitted a Candidate for Holy Orders Sept. 19th, 1871, just after he began his duties as Teacher.

These duties he most faithfully performed, and while it was the desire of his heart to be engrossed in theological study, he never slighted preparation for his classes, nor failed to take his full share of the necessary care of the students out of study-hours. But late at night and early in the morning he was devoting himself to the preparation for his life-work.

His whole course of study was pursued under these disadvantages. Yet when he came to be examined for Deacon's Orders he passed the three examinations for the Priesthood, and it was the testimony of the Examiners that in accuracy and breadth of knowledge of the various subjects required by the Canon, he surpassed every Candidate who had ever been before them.

Of Louis' life at St. Paul's there is extant a judgment of high authority. The Rev'd Dr. J. A. Wainright, President of St. Paul's, has fixed the portrait of that time with firm and delicate touch—in calm and sober, but in glowing, tints. Dr. Wainright says:

"I remember well my first impressions of him. He manifested that peculiar kind of enthusiasm which belongs only to men of highest endeavour, and which gives evidence of a character of no ordinary stamp—brave, manly, resolute,, and of delicate refinement. His connection with St. Paul's College extended over two consecutive years, during all of which time his devotion to the routine duties of the institution. and to his studies preparatory to his future profession was marked by a singular zeal and exactitude which, for the most part only distinguishes minds far more ma-

ture than was his, and urged on by far greater experience.

"While it is doubtless well to study men in general for the purpose of arriving at principles which underlie universal human action, yet it is only in the fewest number of characters presented for our investigation that we come into contact with that attractive power or element, that peculiar symmetry and beauty, which impels study of the man himself, not in search of general principles, but as the living example of a more perfect human realization. The mere presence of a lofty character stirs the being. We feel ourselves to be under the influence of a power which of itself *generates* character, and from the study of which we do not simply gather material for the better management of the practical machinery of life, but at the same time catch a divine inspiration which does its holy work in the higher consciousness. My two years' intimate acquaintance and professional association with young Schuyler served but to impress upon my mind the conviction that his was a character thus suited for a model for study in and by itself, not because of any one trait, but because of its symmetrical whole.

"Conscientiousness was one great secret of his manhood. His faith in the Master was deep and fervent, and against everything which seemed to threaten it, or that practical life which only is its true exponent, he guarded himself with the most earnest scrupulosity. This spirit grew up with him, and strengthened as it grew. It attended him in the school-room no less than in the Church, at his devotions, and in all his social relations—everywhere.

"In the two years during which we were associated together I never knew man, or boy, or servant, ever to think of him as intentionally *capable* of a fault. He

was known and felt by all to be an extraordinary—a pattern character. It was no one particular trait by which they were held, but by the whole beautiful and symmetrical manhood. He was noble in his thoughts —noble in his aspirations—noble in his ways and work. Taken all in all, as he appeared to me he was one of the best models—perhaps the best model, in a young man, of all that is good and noble and virtuous, that it has been my fortune to meet. I treasure his memory as I would treasure anything hallowing on my own personal character."

Louis' strenuous labour done at St. Paul's was often in illness and weakness, greatly due to the over-work, and his correspondence of that time reflects periods of great nervous depression. Or, to speak truly, does not *reflect* them—it gives note of them—speaks of them, frankly, in the freedom of domestic confidences—but the natural cry of weariness and gloom is tempered with a constant sweet note of patience and holy resignation. At one of these seasons he says—"I often look at that black clerical coat of mine and nearly cry, as I hardly expect to be ever able to be a clergyman. My life now looks altogether dark before me. I know not what I can do. I feel, though from an altogether different cause, as Newman must have felt when he wrote those beautiful lines—

"'Lead, Kindly Light,' &c.

It may be I am to be tried by not being allowed to see my hopes realized—not being allowed to enter the Ministry—and yet it seems strange that our LORD would keep one away, when His Church stands so much in need of Ministers. Pray for me. Your

prayers, joined with father's and mine, may enable me to say 'Thy will be done.' And yet it is my duty to use such means to recover my health as GOD places near me. If Dr. C. sees no hope then I *must* be resigned."

This letter illustrates the whole development and transition period—the time of waiting and preparation. Even the careless eye may discern in it something far removed from the confused and irrational impatience of the ordinary boy of twenty, disturbed not more by the opening pageant of life than by his own unfoldings of body and of mind—by turns frightened and confident, flushed with foretastes of impossible triumphs, suffused with potential virtues not to be, plunged in abysmal woe by failures never to be begun, centred in self.

With the early maturity of his spiritual sense Louis had already found a centre outside of himself. "My life now looks altogether dark before me,"—*yet*, "'Lead, Kindly Light!'" "It may be that I am to be tried,"—*yet*, "Pray for me!" it "may enable me to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

But the letter has a peculiar, deep and awful interest now, for we know it is the *Leitmotiv* announcing itself—the "leading-motive" of a noble Tragedy sounding in the Overture—the first intimation of heroic action, obscure and unrelated, then, but now significant beyond expression. And in the climax of it what solemn presaging of melodious grief—"*It seems strange that our Lord would keep one away*"!

The school-life ended with its second year, and Louis was ordained Deacon by Bishop Robertson, in Christ Church, St. Louis, on St. Matthew's Day, Sept. 21, 1873, his father presenting him. It is still remembered that, as he knelt in snowy surplice, just at the moment when the Bishop laid his hands upon the bowed head, a broad beam of soft yellow light came through the coloured windows and rested like a halo upon it. On this day Louis preached his first Sermon.

By the Bishop's appointment he was immediately assigned the care of two small Parishes, at Elleardsville, and Oak Hill, in the suburbs of St. Louis. The churches are about four miles distant from each other and he walked to and fro, serving alternately morning and evening. His first service at Holy Innocents, Oak Hill, was on the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, Sept. 28th. His note is "Present 8 adults and 12 children." His first service at St. James', Elleardsville, was on the succeeding Sunday, Oct. 5th, and the note in this case is "15 persons present." Precisely two months before his ordination Louis had been offered the Rectorship of a church in another city. The letter of invitation was flattering, and the simplicity of the refusal is characteristic. It runs as follows—

"I must acknowledge that I feel greatly complimented by the contents of your letter. As you say, the influence of your Rector would be felt through the whole State, and it is on this very account that you should be particular in the clergyman you secure,

and hence it is that feeling my own inability to properly perform the duties that would devolve upon your Rector, I respectfully decline to undertake the work. This result has been arrived at not only from my own idea but also from the advice of friends who are older and have had more experience than myself."

In the care of his two Parishes Louis laboured indefatigably, spending days at each place, in visiting from house to house, gathering together people who had never known each other, and enlisting them in the work of the Church. At the close of the year at Elleardsville he had filled the church and presented a large class for Confirmation. His private notes of the services, which are continuous and minute, show the rapid growth in attendance on his ministrations, until in the latter half of the year the note is almost always "Large," or "Very large," or "Exceedingly large congregation."

He had not been so successful at Oak Hill. The population there was in large part of miners, who were very careless in matters of religion, and time was required to win their confidence and to impress them with the conviction of his sincerity and earnestness in seeking their good. At this time he wrote—

"I have made up my mind to give up Oak Hill when my year is out. I have done nothing here; and a year ought to prove my ability or inability to improve matters. If Elleardsville is not able to support me alone I shall take whatever place in the Diocese the Bishop may assign me. I cannot live in this way; in fact unless our Church can reach the poor and the

ignorant I hardly think it has the right ring about it."

The people of Oak Hill thought differently, and the few men of means there determined to call him to take the charge of their Parish solely. This exact reversal of his own plan occurred. On Sept. 29th, 1874, he received the call to the Rectorship of Holy Innocents, Oak Hill, and on the following 14th Decr. he resigned St. James', Elleardsville.

A playful letter to his little sister, seven years old, who was his special favourite, and of whom he often spoke as his "little housekeeper," reflects his life at Oak Hill at this time. The date is Sept. 4th, 1874.

"It seems ever so long since I saw you last, and father tells me that you have not grown fat. I thought that while you were away from the city you would eat all the time, and come home red-cheeked and weigh ever so many pounds. I have been disappointed in this, but you are well, I hope. You ask me what kind of a time I had in S———. I had a splendid time, and although I was only gone three weeks I gained eleven pounds. I got home in the hottest week of the season, and the heat took off a good deal of my flesh. Father got home last Saturday morning and preached in his Church Sunday morning. After I got through with my service at Elleardsville I drove down to his Church after him and brought him out to my house. Father preached for me in the evening and stayed all night with me in my little house. Last Wednesday and yesterday I was at home with him, but shall not see him again for nearly a week. If the weather gets very hot I shall go in for him, and make him stay with me in the

country for awhile. I wish the people would get him an Assistant, so he could build a house out here and live in the country. Don't you? Then we could see each other every day. I thought I would leave Oak Hill, but the people do not want me to go. I guess I will stay. When you get home you must ride out to see the old Monk."

Though the salary at Oak Hill was small he could live upon it, and he was willing to make the trial of another year. He occupied a little cottage of two rooms, and there, by himself, with his books; with his hours for retirement, devotion, and study; and a full allowance of time given to visiting among the poor, the irreligious, and the ignorant, he was happy; for he soon began to see that his work was telling for good. He had his Bible-class for young and old, and the young men, in particular, began to gather about him, seeing that they had a friend who could sympathize with them and knew how to meet their doubts, and give them the instruction they needed.

In the Autumn of 1874 typhoid fever prevailed among the poorer classes of his parishioners and he was unsparing in his devotion to the sick—not unfrequently watching by sick-beds through the whole night to administer medicines when relatives and friends, from fear of contagion, had deserted the sufferer. A lady of the Parish relates the story of a child which Louis found lying sick in the room of a cabin in which its father had died. He felt assured of its death if it were confined in that poisonous atmosphere.

He applied to several of the neighbours to have the sufferer removed to their houses—but for some time without avail. At last he found a poor woman who was willing to open her house, but she had no bed—spreading a coverlet upon chairs as the most comfortable provision that could be made. Louis could not consent to this, and went to one of his wealthy parishioners to secure a mattress and proper covering. The request was readily granted, but the man-servant could not be found. Louis procured a wheelbarrow and with his own hands conveyed the bed and bedding to the cabin, where the poor sufferer was comfortably provided for, and in due time was restored to health.

The power of devotion like this could not fail, and the poor people began to flock around him, and the Church was filled. From this time his private notes of the Services and attendance, attest the success of his labours. From the humble beginning of "8 adults and 12 children," the record is "Most excellent congregation"—"Crowded"—"Not room for one more"—"Large number of men"—"Church full, several not able to enter"—"Twenty or more outside"—"32 received the Holy Communion"—"35 received"—"52 received,"—&c., &c. The young men and boys took an interest in the music, and every week met for practice. Very soon they had hearty, plain, music, in which the whole congregation could join. The next year Louis presented for Confirmation the largest class in the Diocese. The Bishop in

his Address to the Diocese thus speaks—"I might have expected more results in some places, but in others the returns have been surprisingly large. Of these I may instance St. James' Church, Macon City, and the Church of the Holy Innocents, Oak Hill."

The following extract is from a newspaper of the time:

"On Sunday, April 25th, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Robertson confirmed thirty-two persons in the missionary parish at Oak Hill, where but a few years ago church-going was the exception, not the rule, and where yet there is ample room for improvement.

"On the following Sunday the Rev. Dr. Schuyler, of Christ Church, administered the Holy Communion to fifty-seven persons.

"This result speaks volumes for the efforts of the young Rector of this Church, the Rev. Louis Schuyler, who by his earnestness, conscientious attention to the duties of his charge, and truly Christian character, has won the confidence, respect and esteem of the entire community."

This story of successful work, with its apparent free play of native and acquired powers in a chosen field, its pure pleasure of effort, and just reward of well-earned praise, pictures achieved content and peaceful, happy days.

And though so many outward seemings of men's lives belie the inward part, yet in this life, it would be thought, the outward visible sign and appearance, and the thing really to be signified, must be in strict accord. Yet during these days of steady diligence, in

which he was so helpful and comforting to others, Louis was himself sorely in need of help and comfort. In his College days he struggled with bodily weakness; at St. Paul's, mental depression increased the burden; and here, at Oak Hill, the sensitive spirit suffered in unison with mind and body. He conceived the gravest doubts touching the things which, of all other things, were dearest and most important to him, and it is quite certain that any possible form of affliction would have been counted light by him, as compared with the distress attending his perplexity over the vital question—"What is Truth?" Being a Teacher, not to know what to teach—not to know that he had not already taught wrongly—not to be sure that he had any *right* to teach—to think it possible that his service was hostility, his obedience, revolt—to feel that his eyes might be "holden" not to know JESUS even in the Breaking of Bread, yet to fancy that he knew Him—not to be sure of the grace of any Sacrament—not to know that his own Offices were not impieties—to tremble over souls which he had won—let any man who has something of Schuyler in him say what all this means. No other can,—not the most flexible and sympathetic mind.

Louis' own treatment of himself displayed the essential robustness of his nature. Doubtless it would have been often easier to give over the battle, and to rest on either side in assumed conviction and content, but his course was stern inquiry, joined to

manful diligence *in what he had to do.* The one day's duty, at least, lay straight before him, always. That he wrought out, utterly, and worked a double task therein. For after many days thus spent in trial and endeavour it pleased Almighty GOD to give His servant consolation, and on the heights of duty light came to him, and rest, and peace.

Of this trial the Rev. Dr. Wainright says:

—"The things that enter in to disturb the faith of many never came before him as difficulties. His faith in the Master as his Master seemed always to be hid away beyond the reach of difficulties. His perplexities arose in regard to the *how* and the *where* his faith might best be realized. Those who plunge into things of the Spirit as most men plunge into things of the ordinary life where less hangs on the direction of mind and hand than on the impelling enthusiasm—such can hardly appreciate the difficulties which spring up in the mind of the more sensitive soul when it asks itself the question *where* does the Master bid me work—under what banner am I to fight, so that I may neither hinder nor mar the victory? It is not the *getting* of religion with which the lofty soul concerns itself. In the possession of the germs of faith its only question is where is the appointed school for its proper development? In other words, where is the Church, and what are the proper limits of its Authority? These, and like questions never trouble men of mere surface convictions—but into the higher order of soul-culture they enter as the warp or the woof. It *does* make a difference with every such soul what it believes and it *does* make a difference with it *where* it believes. Herein, religiously, lay

young Schuyler's only trouble and how earnestly he struggled to find his rightful position all who knew him have long since learned".

Another of Louis' friends says—"At one period of his early manhood he had a somewhat narrow and sectarian view of the Church, as a local and individual entity, practically limited to the Anglican Communion, and bound as to doctrine and worship by the late traditions of the reformation-period, or the still later and more corrupt precedents of the Georgian era. He was wont to identify many ancient Catholic doctrines with Romanism, and inclined to accept the judgment of those who sternly censured aught seemingly tending toward a higher esteem of the Church, her Ministry, Sacraments, and Worship.

"But study and thought soon overcame this tendency. The reading of the Fathers opened his eyes to the truth that many doctrines and practices which he had before assumed to be identified with Romanism had been, on the contrary, for ages, the undisputed possessions of the Christian Church. The revulsion of feeling attendant upon the acceptance of these convictions was radical. The ground of his early opinions seemed to be slipping from beneath his feet. Reviewing the history of his convictions, seeing that he had now to reject as inevitably false many things which he had held certainly true, the suggestion presented itself to him that perhaps, after all, the Roman Communion, which he perceived held many of the ancient doctrines, might be the true Church of Christ. The historic associations of the Roman Church, its arrogant claim to be the Mother and Mistress of Churches, its impressive external unity, the devotion of many of its spiritual writers, the self-denial and personal holiness of its Religious, the conciseness of its theology, all combined

to impel a devoted spirit, ready to sacrifice itself upon the altar of duty, to break every tie and bond, and give itself in perfect submission to that authority which is ever waiting to claim and utilize the devotion of ardent souls. Even the faithful Church teaching which his wise father, a learned Presbyter, had given, was inadequate wholly to counteract the tide which bore him onward.

"The strongest reactionary influence of all was the attitude of many in his own Communion. He was shocked at the constant denials of truths which had been for ages accepted by the universal Church of GOD, at hearing the sacred Ministry depreciated, the Sacraments degraded to empty forms, barren of grace and life, and those Clergy who would fain conform to the Primitive rule of doctrine and worship stigmatized as disloyal, before a multitude too ill-instructed to distinguish Catholic truth and practice from Roman superstition and error.

"The Revd. Dr. Schuyler, though deeply grieved at the condition of his son's mind, rightly judged that a full and wide discussion of the issues would be sufficient to make clear the path of duty to one anxious only for the truth, and with this conviction he advised his son to visit Racine College and confer with the accomplished theologian who presided at that seat of learning. This advice was immediately followed. In this conference it soon began to appear to Mr. Schuyler that all the doctrines of the undivided Church are maintained and defended by the ablest theologians of the Anglican Communion, and are parts of that deposit of faith which that Communion holds in common with the rest of Christ's Church. The issue was Mr. Schuyler's entire conviction of the truly Catholic position of his own Church, and his resolution to maintain the

unchanged and unchangeable Faith within her borders. In this acceptance and action he felt that he was holding inexpugnable ground, and from the stand thus taken, though often saddened and discouraged by contact with sectarianism in the Church, he never afterward varied."

Of his conference with Louis the Revd. Dr. De Koven kindly made full notes for this Memoir, in the preparation of which he felt deep interest; and they are given entire, precisely as he wrote them. They are almost the very last work which GOD permitted him to do in health and strength; and some of his subsequent correspondence on the subject was feebly written in pencil from his bed of suffering.

Humanly speaking, it was his salutary influence, joined to the wise paternal advice, that preserved Louis to the Church whose dear possession he is to-day. For the human assistance in this time of trial was by no means general or manifold. On the contrary, some of his own household of faith had assured Louis that things which he knew to be marks of the Church of GOD were not to be found in the Communion to which he and they belonged. Fortunately it cannot be known how much of this method would have sufficed to convince him that the Church of his Baptism is a pretense, for the rude prescription of amputation as a remedy of all disorders found no favour with the better-accomplished and more humane physicians, and the malady which lack of attention, or of insight, or of knowledge, had dangerously height-

ened, yielded, as it could only yield, to the gentle appliances of their rational and tender skill.

Dr. De Koven says—

"In February of 1875 he came to see me on serious and important business. The time is more vividly impressed upon my mind, because at that time in every Standing Committee, clergymen and laymen were discussing the soundness of my doctrinal views and in many cases condemning me unheard. It seemed like a curious comment upon the agitation and talk, the ignorance and prejudice which prevailed, that in the midst of it all, he should have come to me to help him in his great doubt and perplexity with regard to the claims of the Church of Rome.

"I found him at once gentle and firm, devout, simple-minded, full of earnest purpose, and bent only on following GOD'S will, and in accepting the truth, even though it involved the sundering of many ties.

"He had fallen into an error, which in matters of controversy is often the error of the generous heart. He was by far too ready to accept the statements made by clever controversialists on the Roman side, because they were *against* the cause to which his heart and affections were bound. He was afraid perhaps lest the love he bore his father, the ties of childhood, the education he had received in the Church, might make him too partial a judge; and so some matters which would not bear the test of history, or of Catholic testimony, seemed to him as more powerful arguments than they really were.

"He felt too, that which has driven many a devout soul before now to the Church of Rome, namely, that while he believed with all his heart what he knew to be the doctrine of the Catholic Church in all ages—

(1) The necessity of submitting the individual will to the Authority of the Church; (2) the Sacramental life of the Church, and in especial the blessed doctrine of the Real Presence of our dear LORD in the Holy Eucharist; (3) the power and work of the Priesthood; (4) the necessity of a life of deep penitence, self-surrender and sacrifice; (5) the Communion which exists between living and dead in the Body of Christ; he nevertheless had heard much of that talk, which says, 'if you believe such doctrines, you have no place in the Episcopal Church, you are Roman Catholic at heart, you ought to go where such things are allowed, not forbidden.'

"I do not mean that this had been his peculiar misfortune, on the contrary from those nearest to him few ever had a more loving sympathy, but it was the talk of the day, the burden of Church newspapers, and just at that time especially prevalent.

"Thus in his case as in that of many others, his very loyalty and honour and sincerity, and absence of guile, were made use of, to drive him away from the Church of his Baptism. It has been an argument alas too prevalent, and many a soul has been wounded thereby in the 'house of his friends.'

"Besides meeting these two difficulties, there were two arguments which I felt it useful to mention to him: 1. The question between the Church of England and Rome if at all entered into is a difficult one. It involves many questions requiring the careful study of history, the investigation of ecclesiastical antiquity, the decisions of Councils, the testimony of the Fathers and similar points. A person by Baptism a member of the Church of England, or the American branch of it, by education and Providential guidance belonging to it, a Minister at its Altars, (he was at

that time a Deacon), could not conscientiously abandon the Church, unless the case were clearly proved against her. The presumption ought to be wholly in favour of the Church GOD had placed him in, and the case against her should be proved beyond a peradventure to make a son abandon his Mother. Mere difficulties should only be an incentive to fuller study, more earnest effort, and greater patience. I pointed out to him that as some one has said 'ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt.' Oftentimes the difficulties that one sees in regard to the position of the Church of England when duly considered, only strengthen her claims, and are an argument in her favour, and not against her. I therefore pressed upon him the duty of faithful obedience to the Church of which he was a Minister, until he had ceased to doubt, *because he was certain the Church was wrong*. In other words a man Providentially a member of our Church could not honestly abandon her, *so long as he was in doubt about her*. 2. I urged upon him what I believe to be a profound moral law, which to neglect, is to do damage to anyone's character; namely, that it is not right to abandon a Church of which one is a member, until one has wholly tried her spiritual privileges, honestly sought to live up to them, and found them lacking. To abandon any Church without having done this, would be in most cases to have followed not the leading of duty, but the influence of the neglect of it. People always undervalue what they neglect. I especially urged this reason because in deeper realization of what the Church is, in the fuller understanding of her doctrine and practice, in the appreciation of her in her Catholic affirmations, rather than in her protest against Roman error, men are in this country in various stages. Some, too many I am

sure, have never been able to live up to the Catholic life the Church bids us live, because the opportunity has not been given; and others who have had the opportunity have neglected it. In the former case Rome has sometimes carried captive the noblest souls because they have thought that Catholic practice was only to be found in her; and in the other, the poor and the feeble, and the unspiritual, have taken refuge in her because they have failed to serve GOD and to love Him, and to lead the Catholic life they might have led.

"Hence two sorts of converts to Rome, those whom we ought never to lose, and those whom we lose only because they are no loss.

"I felt from his account that he had never as yet fully lived up to the Catholic life of the Church, because he had not been able to embrace it fully, perhaps through no fault of his own. In some such arguments as these the day he spent with me was passed.

"He was, I believe, greatly impressed by the considerations presented to him."

The following letter from Louis to his Bishop is like him in its frank confessions and calm disavowal of any hidden apostasy.

It is dated "Oak Hill, Feby. 27th, 1875"—a few days after the interview recounted by Dr. De Koven—and completes the record of this period of doubt and grief:

"RT. REV. AND DEAR BISHOP: Having heard that many false rumors are in circulation concerning myself, and knowing that some of them must have reached you, it seems but right for me to inform you of the

truth. Of course any such notion as that I have been baptized in a Roman Catholic Church, or am a Roman Catholic is *false*. How any such story could have arisen is to me a mystery. You know, however, that I have been in doubt as to the claims of that Church, and of the honesty of my remaining in our Church with my belief concerning the Holy Communion.

"Perhaps I might never have thought of the Papal claims, had I not discovered that my convictions of the Sacraments were in accordance (or *nearly* so) with what is authoritatively taught by the Roman Church. I found that the Greek Church in the Council of Bethlehem, A.D. 1672, had taken precisely the same view as the Roman Church. The Church of England, and our own Church, only, disputed the truth of their interpretation. Could I believe that GOD would allow *two hundred and eighty millions* of the three hundred and fifty millions to be in the wrong, especially when the seventy millions were not at one, and had no definite doctrine on this subject. And it occurred to my mind that both the Roman and the Greek Communions were admitted by my Church to be part of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church which we profess to believe in. Had my Church any claim to be the whole Church, or could it be asserted that it was without corruption? There are some with whom the fact that there was a disagreement concerning the Sacraments would have but little weight. It may be my misfortune to lay too much stress upon our faith in this respect. However, that is neither here nor there. The knowledge that the Roman Church taught what appeared to me the truth on this point had too much weight with me. I seemed to forget the late dogma of infallibility in my

anxiety to be among those who might sympathize with me. I seemed to argue in this wise—and the fallacy is now apparent to myself—the Roman Church, even with the dogma of infallibility, is more Catholic than our Church. I forgot for the time the Greek Church, *without* this Papal infallibility. I forgot also that it would hardly be right for me to leave a Church that I thought to be in the wrong to join another Church which I also believed to be at fault. This unreasonableness, however, I endeavored to do away with by bringing myself to believe also in the infallibility of the Pope. All the Church History I had ever read went to favor its utter untruth. But the doctrine of development came to my aid. By forgetting the discordance evident in the interpretations of the Fathers—my mind being full of the idea that a verse might be entirely changed in meaning by the superior wisdom of the interpreters of to-day, *i. e.*, the developed wisdom—I almost argued myself into a belief in Papal infallibility from the verses—'Thou art Peter,' &c.—'Feed my sheep.'—'I have prayed for thee.' For the moment I did not perceive that such a development *did away* with tradition. The strength of arguments afforded by the stand of the Greek Church from the beginning was also lost sight of for the time being. Then again in my hopes of finding certainty of doctrine I lost sight of the fact that such development would be the foundation-stone of the greatest *un*certainty—for what may not be made a dogma, to-morrow, inasmuch as the right of making such dogma is now placed in the hand of one man? I had believed in the infallibility of the Church, represented by a General Council, but now in the Roman Church such infallibility has been placed in the Pope.

"It seems utterly impossible to make such an idea agree with the history of the past. From these few

pages,—though the sentences may only bring to light in an obscure manner the motive which first induced me to think of becoming a Roman Catholic, and the reason which now offers an unconquerable barrier to my going,—you may judge of my present position, viz., that I expect to remain in the Church in which I was born, and in which through the Providence of GOD I have been called to the office of Deacon. I do this willingly, and believe I can work heartily because I have been convinced that I need not attempt to destroy my faith in the Sacrament, such a view being lawful. This note may show the working of—you may say—a weak mind, but you must confess of an honest mind. I suppose that I shall be judged, not by what may appear to be the truth to others, but what appears to be the truth to ourselves. I cannot help thinking that I have come to a right decision—at all events I could have come to no other in the knowledge I *now have*. Undoubtedly the love I bear my father prevented my acting at a time when perhaps otherwise I might have acted, but may not all this have happened in the Providence of GOD?

"I solemnly promise to confer with you—as my Bishop—if any doubt again troubles me, and such conference will of course take place before I allow such doubt to induce me to take any step."

A letter to an intimate friend says—

"The Roman Catholic gossip had some foundation. The only trouble was that they counted their chicken before he was hatched. Honestly, if Dr. De Koven's school of thought were not allowable in our Church I should have to leave, for I cannot believe otherwise. My mind is becoming more and more convinced that the old Catholic Faith is the only one that will supply, or *claims* to supply, what we expect from the Saviour."

For more than a year from this time no unusual circumstance disturbed the steady labour at Oak Hill, excepting only an invitation to a field of wider importance and greater outward consequence. The answer to this was as follows: (The date is "Aug. 31, 1875")

"Your telegram reached me last evening and I take this—the first—opportunity of writing to you. I cannot be with you next Sunday, for the same reason that I declined last Sunday. I judge from your letter to me that my preaching would be considered upon '*trial*,' and that by officiating I should put myself among the number of those who might be called *seekers* for the Rectorship. It may be prejudice on my part, but I could not make up my mind to do such a thing. I know that your intentions in asking this of me were of the kindest character and I thank you heartily for your kindness. When I received your letter the idea that there was a possibility of my obtaining a good Parish was so pleasant that for the time being I *forgot* my own *unfitness* for such a position and telegraphed an answer which would imply anything but dislike of the idea. But second sober thought and convictions of duty would incline me to change my mind completely. I do not feel as if I could take any step toward causing a favourable opinion of myself in your Parish, both because I know my own unfitness and also because the work I have under my charge at present is doing so well as to make me think it my duty to remain for some time with my little Parish. I am younger, I suppose, than you imagine, and have had but two years' experience in the Ministry, and even that experience has been gained in my present Parish among the very poor, and would be of but little assistance to me in such a

Parish as yours. I cannot help feeling pleased by the thought that anyone should think so highly of me as to mention my name to you."

On the First Sunday in Lent, March 5th, 1876, Louis was advanced to the Priesthood by the Bishop of Missouri, in Christ Church, St. Louis. His father presented him and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. De Koven. He remained at Oak Hill through Lent, when, on account of impaired health arising from overwork—and suffering also from malarial fever—he relinquished his Parish and left for the East, having been invited by Bishop Doane to a post in the Cathedral at Albany.

His resignation of the Oak Hill charge was the occasion of the following letter:

"PARISH OF HOLY INNOCENTS,
"OAK HILL, ——

"LOUIS S. SCHUYLER.

"Rev'd & Dear Sir: The Committee of the Vestry to whom your letter of resignation was referred with the request to express to you in its acceptance the pain and deep regret of the entire Parish at the sundering of the relation of Minister and people enforced by the condition of your health, really feel their inability to properly set it forth. You came to us nearly three years ago and found the Parish without a Rector, and those best able to take an interest in its welfare living temporarily elsewhere. The attendance upon the Services of the Church had almost ceased. Struggling against this condition of affairs, and part of the time in ill-health, you persevered steadily, winning the respect, esteem, and love of all your people. Your

presentations for Confirmation have exceeded the aggregate of all before in the life of the Parish.

"Your influence upon the younger people in the Parish for good has been most extended and its effects will be felt long after you have passed away.

"Upon the older people no young man ever gained and held to such an extent their respect and affection growing, increasing, and continuing, during your stay.

"Upon the occasion of your last service the spectacle was presented of a Pastor and his people in tears. You go from us with an earnest wish in every heart for your health, happiness, and success, wherever you may be called, and the hope that the time may come again when the Parish of Holy Innocents may be under your charge.

"Very truly,
G. W. PARKER,
"Chairman."

His last service at Oak Hill was on Easter-Day, April 16th, 1876.

He served in All Saints' Cathedral Chapel, at Albany, during May and June. The months of July and August were apparently spent in vacation. At least there was a change of scene—for his private notes show services in Christ Church, Pompton, and St. Paul's Church, Edgewater, (New Jersey) during July, and he was, in August, at Watkins, at Kinderhook, and at Skaneateles (New York).

The following note gives body and form to one of these visits:

"For us both it was very pleasant. We strolled about the hills or boated on the Lake during the day

or talked over our old topics in the evenings. Louis seemed to me to be growing more and more of a Mediævalist in his theological views, but he had grown very gentle in asserting them. I gave him a copy of Keble's Sermons on the Baptismal Office, and also a volume of Newman's Sermons, and in return he gave me Aquinas' Sacrament of the Altar, of which he spoke highly as a devotional work."

His health continued delicate. A letter to his mother dated August 3d, after mentioning illness, says:

"I am better, now, however, than I have been for a long time, and in this climate expect to become stronger and healthier all the while. I do not think it would be right for me to return to St. Louis for a year or two; perhaps then I may. I want to get settled and have a little home and try to help father. I try to be patient. Both my ill-health and my Churchmanship have been against me thus far, and perhaps they will prevent my ever succeeding well. I would not worry so much if I thought father could afford to count me as dead in so far as financial aid is concerned; but I do not believe he can, and I feel that he has a right to expect me to repay some of what he has paid out for me in the way of education."

At the end of August Louis returned to Albany, and was assigned to duty at some neighbouring stations of which he gives an account in a letter dated Octo. 15th, as follows:

"You will notice from the heading that I am at Fonda, a little village on the New York Central R. R., about forty miles from Albany. It is a lovely place in the most beautiful part of the Mohawk Valley.

I can reach Albany in about an hour and can thus attend to my *Canonical* duties. My services, however, are not only in Fonda, but also at two Mission Stations,—Canajoharie and Fort Plain. They run in the following order: One Sunday, morning and evening at Fonda. The next Sunday, morning at Fonda—afternoon, Canajoharie—evening, Fort Plain—three services and a journey of thirty miles. Pretty hard work, is it not? You must also take into consideration the fact that I have to return to Fonda that night, and am not able to retire till the 'small hours' of Monday morning."

In November of this year his father paid a short visit to Louis. He found his health in great measure restored and soon learned from conversation with him that his heart still clung fondly to his people at Oak Hill; and that he was receiving letters from all classes of his old Parishioners, begging him to return to them.

The result of this given in the following letter, addressed to the same dear friend to whom the letter describing his work in the Mohawk Valley was written. The date is Nov. 22d, 1876:

"I have received a call to return to my old work at Oak Hill—and have accepted. * * * I feel so happy to think of again undertaking and being able to carry on my old work among the poor. Beside, my work there has unfitted me for parish work anywhere else. * * * I shall have to fight against two things, *i. e.*, I am so sensitive that I shall imagine two things—first, that in the West the people will think I return because I did not obtain sufficiently pleasant work in the East, and second, that the people

here will think that I have acted in a trifling manner in leaving so soon. But I have simply Missionary work, and no parochial ties."

In another letter of almost the same date he says:

"My old Parish has called me back again. * * * Bishop Doane has written me that he does not want me on any account to leave his Diocese. I have lived so long in the West, however,—and as I can go back to my old Parish and old friends, and carry on the work begun there, I hardly think that I shall hesitate for a moment when the question of health may be decided."

Bishop Doane's own characterization of Louis is that he was "a man of single-hearted devotion."

On the First Sunday after the Epiphany, Jany. 7th, 1877, Louis began again his work at Holy Innocents', Oak Hill.

In a familiar letter dated on the 22nd of that month he excuses delay in writing and says—

"I have called upon seventy families, beside writing sermons and having the regular Services. The people seem very glad to see me back and show their good will by regular attendance upon the Church Services and by coming in large numbers."

Louis took up his duty with all his wonted energy and devotion.

The Female Hospital, under the charge of the City Authorities, was about two miles from his house, and had no Chaplain, nor any regular religious ministrations. Louis therefore had a Service and preached there on Sunday afternoons, and Fridays he devoted to

visiting the sick in the wards after the Litany and a Lecture. He did a good work there, and his visits were looked-for with the deepest interest. At the same time he had Evening Prayer with Sermon during the week at St. Luke's Hospital, in the city, and, not content with a perfunctory service, he sought out individual cases, and was instrumental in engaging many of the patients in religious things. The Sisters at St. Luke's have the most affectionate and grateful remembrance of him. That his own people did not suffer, meanwhile, is clear from his diary and notes of official acts. His Lenten Services for 1877, for instance, are noted as follows—

Cottage Lectures Tuesday evenings, Litany and Matins Wednesday mornings, Lecture Wednesday evenings, Evensong and Lecture Thursday evenings, Litany and Evensong Friday afternoons, Confirmation-class Friday evenings, Evensong on Saturdays. In the Holy-Week, two daily Services, with Celebration on Maunday-Thursday, and the Three Hours' Agony preached on Good Friday.

The following letter of May 20th, 1877, finds place here. It was written to a dear familiar friend:

"This morning (Whitsun-Day) I shall offer the Holy Sacrifice and shall have you and your consecration to the Priesthood specially in mind. I say consecration—for what *is* an Ordination but a consecration of our whole selves to GOD? Next Sunday, at the time of your Ordination I shall also remember you. Neither shall there be any forgetfulness when the Ember-Day prayers are said. I know that the

knowledge that these Eucharists are to be specially for you will bring great consolation.

"Whatever else I might say would be rightly but of little consequence. GOD bless you!"

On the Second Sunday after Trinity, June 10th, 1877, Louis was at the Church of The Ascension in Chicago, in which Church a Mission was then preached by Brothers of the Order of St. John Evangelist. It has been thought that here he first conceived the idea of joining that Order, but it seems more probable that he had for some time nourished this purpose, and that his meeting of the Cowley Fathers simply hastened his conclusion, for it was but two days later when he wrote the following letter, addressed to the friend whose record of their College days has been quoted in an earlier part of this Memoir:

"Your kindest of letters was duly received by me. * * * * Since my return I have had an exceedingly pleasant time. The people seemed delighted to have me back and have shown their satisfaction by filling our little Church continually. Moreover they have borne very well several new notions (*i. e.* they seem new to them) on my part,—the wearing of alb and chasuble—weekly Celebration, early, and lighted candles. There was a Confirmation-class of seven adults, three of them lately baptized and all heads of families, presented a short time ago. * * * Nevertheless I expect to leave in the Fall, and go to England for two or three years of study and retirement, and then, if found worthy, become one of the Order of the Evangelist Fathers. All my thoughts have been tending that way and my theological

opinions will find sympathy among them. Their life is my *ideal* and I know that I *should* follow it. Now do not write me the most discouraging, lecturing sort of a letter imaginable. Either write me a congratulatory letter, or let the subject alone."

(His correspondent says that he did write a letter of congratulation and received a cheerful answer, which cannot now be found).

It is certain that Louis gave to this subject long and prayerful deliberation. He consulted his father, who would greatly have preferred his remaining in a Parish, as he had shown himself admirably fitted for Parish work, and was most beloved by his people. But Louis seemed so fully convinced that the LORD had called him to a strictly religious life, and that he could thereby more fully consecrate himself to his beloved Master's service, having truly but one thought or purpose—to give himself wholly to his dear LORD —and though loving his parents, brothers, sisters and friends, yet willing to leave them all for the work to which he felt that he had been called—it was not in his father's heart to withhold his consent or refuse his blessing. Louis spent the Summer diligently in his Parish, remaining until after the close of the Diocesan Convention. His last Service at Oak Hill was on the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, Sept. 23d, 1877. Upon Louis' second departure from Oak Hill his people again addressed him in the following tender letter of farewell:

"Parish of The Holy Innocents,
"Oak Hill.

"Louis S. Schuyler.

"Rev'd and Dear Sir: For the second time it devolves upon me, as Chairman of the Committee to whom was referred your letter of resignation, to express to you in its acceptance the profound regret of the Parish at having again to part with you,—their beloved and esteemed Rector—after so short a reunion. This time, fortunately, it is not ill-health that causes this severance of the relations of Pastor and People, but that at the call of what you believe to be a sacred duty you go forth to a wider and different field of labour. That your ministrations will be productive of great good in the future as they have been in our midst in the past is our earnest wish, and with prayers for your welfare and happiness wherever you may go, we bid you farewell.

"Very truly yours,
"G. W. Parker,
"Chairman."

The night on which he left his home for the last time can never be forgotten. Just as he was leaving the house he turned and said—"Father, I cannot go without your blessing"—and reverently knelt while that blessing, with choked utterance, was given.

He sailed for England in the month of October. His early letters home were cheerful and restful, and he seemed to feel as if he had found his vocation.

But after a brief space his health began to fail, and he went for a time to the Clergy House of Rest, at Malvern. The following letter is from there, and no

excuse will be offered for presenting the whole of its vivid detail. The date is Dec. 15, 1877:

"My Dearest Mother: You will notice from the heading of this letter that I am not at present at Cowley. The Father-Superior insisted on my taking a three weeks' rest. You can see from my handwriting that my ordinarily bad chirography has become something abominable. The damp weather has had a very singular effect upon me. My right hand is so numb at times that I can scarcely use three of the fingers at all. You will have as much trouble in deciphering this note as you would a schoolboy's of eleven, but I want you to hear from me, and I am going to write to-day, though I only promised to write once in two weeks; and last Sunday I wrote to father. I am at lovely Malvern, staying at the Clergy House of Rest. I am the only invalid at present, however, and can have perfect quiet and rest. The clergyman in charge of the House is a delightful gentleman. Though away from Cowley, I am under obligations to say all the Offices for the hours, and also have a line of study mapped out for me; so I cannot be said to be loafing, and the only advantage in the change is that of the climate. The air here is clear and bracing, while at Oxford it is heavy and very moist.

My day's work is as follows:

5:30 A. M., Rise.
5:50–6:15, Lauds.
6:15–7:15, Meditation.
7:15–7:30, Prime.
8 A. M., Celebration of B. Sacrament.
9 A. M, Breakfast.
9:30–10:15, Matins and Terce.
10:15–11:15, St. Augustine's Confessions.

11:15–12:15, St. Chrysostom in Hebrew.
12:15–12:30, Sext.
1:30 P. M., Dinner.
2:15–2:30, Nones.
2:30–5, Walking.
5:30–6:30, Reading.
6:30–7:15, Even-Song.
7:30, Tea—when I have time for study or general reading.
9 P. M., Compline.
10:30, Retire.

"Every day is the same, and I love the very sameness. I am within a ten minutes' walk of the most beautiful Church in the world, St. Leonard's, at Newland. Unless I am quite wrong it seems to me I can remember you speaking to me of this Church, and saying that Miss P. had been there. I remember your speaking of the fact that there was but one Sister there who composed the whole Order of S. Somebody or other. There is but one Sister here, but she belongs to a large and influential Order, the St. Margaret Sisterhood of East Grinstead. There is only need of one Sister in the work, or there would be more. I have had the delightful pleasure of Celebrating there three mornings of this week. I can not describe the Church to you, but will only tell you some of the features in it that especially charm me.

"In the first place, and rightly mentioned first because nearest the Altar, upon the Re-table, there is a large figure of our dear Crucified Saviour, with other figures representing those present at the Crucifixion. The work is perfect, and the representation perfect. Our Saviour's figure is almost life-size. Just before entering the choir, on one side, is a memorial of the Blessed Virgin's *obedience*, and on the other, Eve's

disobedience. There are many other striking things in the Church. You may be sure you are remembered at the times I Celebrate, or attend the Holy Sacrifice. On my way down I stopped over a train at Worcester and saw the Cathedral. I spent two hours in the building, and walking around the Cloisters, and wished I had a whole day to devote to it. I shall not attempt to describe it. It is simply magnificent, though not considered by Englishmen one of the most beautiful of their Cathedrals. I shall probably be sent the last few days in Advent and for Christmas-Tide to preach and assist a Priest living in a village some little distance from here, and to reach his place, I shall pass through Hereford, and see *the* most beautiful of all Cathedrals.

"The ivy-leaf I enclose is for father, and was picked by me from one of the walls of the Cathedral at Worcester. I forgot to say that the Crucifixion in Newland is not a painting but a piece of carved workmanship. To-day (Dec. 15) the roses are in full bloom, not only in greenhouses but out of doors in the garden. I can open the windows of the room in which I am sitting, and pluck any number of beautiful roses. Other flowers are also in bloom. The holly is perfectly charming. I can not attempt to give you any idea of the beauty of this place. In the morning after Celebrating in this heavenly Church, having offered the Holy Sacrifice and having partaken of the Divine Humanity of our Saviour, walking towards the house I lift up my eyes, and find the Malvern Hills bathed in a light that must borrow some of its tints from Heaven, for its very brightness melts me almost to tears, and I think of the True Light. My life is very happy. I seem to be very near our JESUS; though how He can approach me, so sinful as I am, or how He can call me to follow Him, I often wonder.

"In the afternoon I wander over the hills, but on account of my weakness I have not yet reached their tops. I want to tell Gertie and Sophie and Pat, what I saw the other day. Walking along the street I looked up, and there was trotting along near me a little donkey—there are ever so many of them here. I never remember seeing any in America except perhaps at a circus. Well, the donkey was not all I saw. A nurse was leading the little fellow, and in some way two baskets were fastened on his back, one hanging over one side, and the other hanging over the other side, and in the baskets were two little babies, one dressed with a *blue* cap and cloak, and the other with *red* cap and cloak. The whole affair was quite picturesque. I know if Phil. were walking with me I should have some trouble in keeping him from fighting battles for me. Not only children laugh at my habit, but even grown people show their disgust and hatred. But they do not know what it means, and there is One ever near, whose opinion I care more for than for theirs. While wandering over the hills I picked some ferns, which I shall enclose either in this letter, or in my next—also some flowers picked in the garden (not hot-house, but in the open air) only a day or two ago. These will let you know that I think of you very often. How I do wish that you and father might come over for a time. I am so very happy in my life and so glad I had the strength to bear the terrible wrench that it cost me to leave my home and friends, and give myself up to the Religious Life. In my cell I still retain the little picture you gave me, also Rodriguez, and my Prayer Book, that you and father gave me at my Confirmation.

"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

"Aff'tly and devotedly your

"Louis."

Though rest and change of air brought some refreshment and renewed strength, it became apparent to Louis and to Father Benson, on whose judgment and the matured opinion of a competent Physician Louis implicitly relied, that his cherished plan of life must be given up.

There is no record and no suspicion that his sweet patience failed in this sore trial of it. The following letter from on board the "Batavia," coming on shore, is a clear reflection of his mind. The date is Jany. 23d, 1878:

"Dear, darling Father: To-morrow we shall reach New York. Father Benson advises me to give up all thought of the religious life for the present at any rate. I gave way entirely in the Retreat and for several days was quite broken down. The life is very severe, and the climate of England did not agree with me.

"I have the satisfaction of knowing that at the time Christ called me to give up all and follow Him, I did leave my friends and home and all. Now He calls me still to follow Him, but to work for His poor.

"Father, I do not expect I shall live long, and would like to give up the remainder of my life to Christ's poor. I expect to live an unmarried life—indeed I have bound myself for a time to the unmarried state, and it was only because I was advised not to do so that I was kept from making it a life-vow. When I get perfectly strong and well I shall take a vow in your Church where I was ordained both Deacon and Priest. GOD indeed grants me consolation at this time (when I am about to give up that life to which I had thought myself called) by again allowing me to work near you and the dear ones at home.

God is ever merciful to me and blesses me more than I deserve. I feel especially near Him and our Saviour Jesus. I know that in whatever way my life is mapped out for me it will be in accordance with God's will. It has occurred to me to try and form a Society of young American Priests to be called "The Society of the Sons of Jesus" but whether God will give me strength to carry out this intention I know not. I have gained wonderfully by this sea-voyage. I feel quite a different man from the one who came aboard ship at Liverpool. I shall soon be able to be at work again, though I have the belief that it will not be for a long time.

"May we meet very, very soon. God bless you all.

"Your most aff't. son

"Louis."

The following letter of the Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall aptly sums up the history of Louis' connection with the Brotherhood of St. John Evangelist:

"I first met Louis Schuyler in June, 1877. Father Maturin and I were preaching a Mission at Chicago, in the Church of The Ascension. Schuyler came from St. Louis, where he had a small parochial charge, and spent the greater part of the twelve days with us. He had long been desirous, from a boy I think, to give himself up to a life of entire dedication to our Lord and His Church, in a closer and stricter way, I mean, than is necessarily involved in the Sacred Ministry. It was, I think, chiefly on account of this desire that the Roman Church, with its numerous Religious Orders, had presented great attractions to him. He had not thought of a life of Religious dedication, in obedience to our Lord's Counsels of Perfection, as being practicable for him in our Communion.

He yearned, too, for more freedom and elasticity in teaching and working, than our Parochial system ordinarily allows. In a Brotherhood of Mission-Priests he thought he would find (and had his health been stronger I doubt not he would have found) a sphere at once for the realization of his spiritual aspirations and for the exercise of his Missionary zeal. So strongly did he feel impressed with this vocation that at the end of the Mission he resolved to offer himself as a Postulant to our Society as soon as the way should be open to him. The way was opened sooner than he had ventured to expect, by his father's pious and trustful consent to his plans. The sacrifice of parting from his father was keenly felt by Louis, and nothing, I am sure, but a clear conviction that he was acting in obedience to a higher than any earthly claim would have induced him to face the separation. But he would not offer to the LORD of that which cost him nothing. The same spirit of reality in self-sacrifice was shown in his preparations for going to England, when he parted with all but what was necessary, in order to meet his travelling expenses. In September he went to England, to the Mother-House of our Society, at Cowley St. John, Oxford, with the hope of being admitted to the Noviciate after a short time. But it proved that his health was not strong enough. In fact the sword was too keen for the scabbard; and the scabbard had not been properly cared for. Before he came to us, while he was working alone and trying to work out things by himself, he had, I fancy, been indiscreet in ascetic practices, which had overtaxed his physical and nervous strength; so that he was really unequal to the exercises of Community-Life. The disappointment of being obliged to return to this country after a few months must have been severe.

It pleased Almighty GOD to accept the offering of his life in a different manner.

"But the lesson remains for the Church, wisely to make provision for such ardent souls; neither to repel them by indifference, nor in fear or jealousy to cramp them with fetters or restraints; but lovingly to welcome and guide their enthusiasm and devotion. They would be Apostolic in life as well as in doctrine. The Church surely has need of their prayers and labours, and they of her guidance and sympathy."

When Louis reached his brother's house in New York his brother was shocked at his appearance—so thin, and worn, and wan, and feeble in his step. He remained for two months at his brother's house, the object of the tenderest care and devotion, watched in his diet and his exercise, and comforted with unfailing love. The following letter reports the consequence of this affectionate solicitude. The date is March 27th, 1878:

"The two months that I have been in New York have done me worlds of good. In fact everybody tells me that I do not look like the same person. I have passed through a great deal and thank GOD very heartily for the trial, though it seemed hard indeed to bear. The Rev. Mr. S. of Hoboken has told me very plainly that I had better not attempt to work there unless I am perfectly strong and well. He can't afford to have a half-well man, neither will the work to be done there admit of a sick man's attempting it. I am therefore looking for lighter work, but cannot yet tell whether I shall find it here or not. * * * Last Monday (the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary) was a specially joyous day to

me, as that Festival, to my mind, is one possessing the very loveliest charms. I offered the Holy Sacrifice that morning at St. Mary's, a Hospital under the charge of the Sisters of St. Mary. To-day I attended a service very touching indeed—"The Stations of the Cross." Next Monday I shall again Celebrate at the Hospital. The Feast of the Annunciation is one which should be kept with great joy, and the Octave too, but it hardly seems consistent with the character of the Lenten Season to take eight days away from the forty which should be given to fasting. This does not seem altogether like Lent to me, as Father B. has strictly forbidden my fasting—his words in a letter were, "do absolutely nothing in the way of fasting." On Saturdays I Celebrate at another Chapel of the Sisters of St. Mary. * * * My very best love to all.

"Your very aff't son,
"Louis."

The reference to "the Rev'd Mr. S. of Hoboken" shows how soon Louis was wanted for fresh labours, and how little of rest and recreation he purposed for himself. The Rev'd John Sword writes—

"I asked Louis to come here immediately after his return from England, early in February, I think. He thought he would be well enough by May 1st. But when May 1st came his coming was indefinitely postponed, though not abandoned. It was thought he had better first take some lighter work. I told him I would try to spare him all I could, but he would be sure to find more work than the strongest of men could do, and finding it to be done I feared he would try to do it.

"When he was asked to go to The House of Prayer it was agreed that he should try his strength there, and after a month report to me. In August it was definitely settled that he should come on September 1st."

There is in existence a very gentle, loving, beautiful letter, relating to this time, written by a lady to the Rev'd Dr. Schuyler, and by him now dearly treasured. All of it that concerns this Memoir is here given:

"After his return from England we first met Louis at his brother's house in New York, where he welcomed us most cordially and made an appointment to visit us and talk with me on some theological subjects. He came at an early hour. * * * We entered upon a conversation which became a part of my soul-life and which I shall carry with me through the earthly pilgrimage, into the Beyond. He talked of GOD'S love to us and our love for our Heavenly Father,—of the partaking of the Blessed Sacrament, and the preparation to be made before presuming 'to eat of that Bread and drink of that Cup'. He spoke of his life in England, and gave several incidents that had occurred there. Of his entire faith in GOD'S goodness and his longing to live the highest, truest life for GOD and his fellow-beings. Of his determination to deny himself all but the necessaries of life, in order to devote his salary to the good and comfort of others. He spoke most lovingly of the home-circle and expressed his earnest desire to visit them all, but said he must wait and have patience—as he felt that the proper time for doing so had not yet come and he must not allow his inclinations to guide his judgment. He asked after various members of his family, and said that his reverence and deep appreciation of his

father's goodness and Christian life were such that he considered him one of the best of men, so that he longed always to do what he thought right. He mentioned the little ones at home several times with tenderest affection, and spoke of his wish to deny himself every luxury in order that he might personally advance their pleasure and improvement. He referred to the great kindness and attention he had received from his brother and sister (in whose house he was then staying) in words of earnest appreciation.

"He spoke, too, of the deep things of the Gospel, of religion, and unquestioning faith, of the beauty and satisfaction of an inner life of holiness, of the necessity of obedience to GOD'S laws, and of the *peace* of such self-surrender,—until I looked upon his rapt countenance with awe and amazement, for the light upon his face seemed inspiration.

"Those hours of spiritual converse and instruction were golden hours to me. He remained to luncheon, and said it was like a visit home again. Later we asked him for some music, and for more than an hour he spoke to us in Beethoven's Sonatas and Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words'. Upon our asking for a repetition each time we valued the interpretation more. A *Largo* of Händel he seemed especially to enjoy, and this led to a conversation on organ-music which was very interesting to us. He seemed to be able to read classical composition at sight, and on my expressing my surprise at not having known before that he possessed so rare a gift, he answered, with the humility of a little child—'Did you not know? I do not pretend to anything especial in music, but it is a great pleasure to me to hear it, and to play, if I can give pleasure to others.' He gave us an exquisite rendering of Mendelssohn's 'Consolation,' and I can

never again listen to those strains of melody, so full of pathos, without recalling to my mind the picture of that day.

"He spoke of his pleasure in anticipating his work which awaited him in the Church of The Holy Innocents in Hoboken, and seemed eager to renew his priestly labours. Before he left us he travelled in memory over past years, even to his childhood, and said it seemed so strange that he should have counsel sought from him by those who had known him in his infancy. I told him of my first impressions of him when his curly head could scarcely be seen above the pew of Christ Church, he was so young a worshipper. Yet he had remained always perfectly quiet and his great, earnest, questioning eyes were always riveted on your countenance when you were ministering at the Altar, while the spiritual face of the tiny child was not more strongly indicative of the 'pure in heart' than was the holy countenance of the young Priest of GOD when I looked upon it for the last time on this earth, as we spoke our words of farewell.

"Truly that was a 'white day' in my memory, and when I thought on the gentleness, the strength, the unselfishness, the goodness, the entire uplifting of soul, the living in the very presence of our LORD, the *wisdom* and the bravery, the purity and the humility of the life it had been my blessed privilege to know, I felt that all the world was better, and that I had truly been with one of GOD'S Saints—a man *in* the world, but not of it—a servant of JESUS CHRIST and '*filled* with the HOLY GHOST.'"

The reference to Louis' musical accomplishment makes it proper to say that many persons who knew him well were ignorant of it—so great was his reserve touching any talent or acquirement of his own. A gen-

tleman who was much with him,—who is, himself, ardently fond of good music, and likely to know if his friends are so,—affirms that until he read the foregoing letter he had never fancied that Louis knew anything whatever of music.

At Easter Louis was considering a request to take temporary charge of the Parish at South Amboy, N. J., but the Rector of The House of Prayer, in Newark, being compelled to seek recruitment of impaired health in another climate, urgently desired him to occupy that place during the Summer, and Louis, considering only where he might most be needed and be of the greatest service, accepted the latter charge, at considerable pecuniary loss. Meantime, as the departure of the Rev. Mr. Goodwin was delayed until June 19th, Louis served in Grace Church, in Newark, during a brief absence of the Rector thereof, from the 20th of May until about the middle of June, when he took charge of the Parish of The House of Prayer.

What he was to that Parish, and to individual souls in it, will never be wholly known until the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. Something of it will appear, here and hereafter, during the course of this Memoir.

The following letter places him at the beginning of his work there:

"RECTORY OF THE HOUSE OF PRAYER,
"NEWARK, June 21st, 1878.

"My dear Father: I have been quite busily occupied and it did not seem possible that so long a time had

elapsed since I wrote to you. For three weeks I was at Grace Church, while Dr. Harison was away, but now I have come to The House of Prayer for two or three months.

"Mr. Goodwin has gone to England, and will not probably be back before September. Should he come sooner I should be very glad, for I have accepted permanent work, and shall go to it just as soon as I am free from my engagement here.

"I shall not have more than I can live upon, but until you have absolute need of my assistance I feel that I must obey GOD'S call and give my strength and time to work amongst His poor.

"I shall be an assistant in the Parish of The Holy Innocents, Hoboken.

"My best love to all.

"Your aff't son,

"LOUIS."

The following letter shows him looking forward to his permanent work and anxious for its sake. This anxiety is tempered, too, with sweet human affection and innocent desires of friendship—the whole so ruled by a sober and devout will that it is a dear likeness of the man. The letter was written to a familiar friend, in Holy Orders. The date is July 5th:

"My very dear Brother: I was very happy indeed to receive your letter, for it gives me hopes of your coming. It is not well, however, to urge personal feelings of friendship, because we should judge according to what is plainly our duty. Do not, however, choose a work simply because it seems to be the least pleasant in its surroundings, for GOD gives us plenty of opportunities to deny ourselves even when we

expect greater comforts. St. Thomas à Kempis says that we cannot go anywhere where there will not be a cross for us to bear. Please, therefore, do not allow anything to keep you from us if you find it possible to think that GOD allows you to come. I know it would be the life you long for, and on that account am I principally afraid you will not come—because you might think that you should not gratify this longing, and should choose work less congenial. * * * I know, however, that you will alone be guided by what your conscience dictates, and shall pray that, if possible, GOD will make it plain (if it be His will) that you may be of great service in carrying out the work at Holy Innocents. * * * * * And if you come bring with you the banner—or one like it—we all so admired—the work of one of your sisters—the banner of the Holy Innocents' Class. * * * Tell your mother that you will be well cared for at Hoboken, because we are going to use judgment in regard to our living. Do come. I pray that it may be GOD's will.

"Ever your aff't Brother,
"LOUIS S. SCHUYLER."

The following letter is the sequel. The reference, in both, to a certain banner, is preserved for reasons which will appear to a careful reader:

"RECTORY OF THE HOUSE OF PRAYER,
"NEWARK, July 28th, 1878.

"My dear Brother: Your letter was duly received. I had not allowed myself to count too much upon your coming, but tried to commit the whole matter into GOD's Hand: Therefore I was not sadly disappointed as I should have been if I had allowed my natural feelings to guide me. You have decided under good

advisers and after prayerful thought, and I know GOD has been with you. Who may be the third man at Holy Innocents I do not know. * * * The hope has been cherished by me that the thought that you imagined your sister had in mind may be realized, for that banner was so very, very appropriate in its conception and so very beautiful in its finish. Mr. Betts was with me last Sunday evening. He will be over some time next month to stay a day or two. Remember me kindly to all at your father's when you write to them. We may find our lot cast in the same work (D. V.) some day.

"Believe me ever

"Your very aff't Brother,

"LOUIS S. SCHUYLER."

Louis' Sermons were quiet, simple, meditative. They were very real and direct, because he never spoke for any effect not proceeding from some true and efficient cause. He saw with the inward eye of Faith, and well discerned, therefore, evidence of things otherwise unseen. The following portion of a Sermon is a fit illustration of his preaching. It is upon "The Communion of Saints"—from St. Luke xv. 7—"*I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth:*"

Speaking of the "Dead in Christ," he asks—"How then have they gone from us? Are they ignorant of our welfare? Have they, by the change caused by death, lost their love for us, and their anxiety for our reaching that Eternal Life of Peace? Oh, should we not rather think, that as they have now a truer knowledge of that Glory that is to be given for the

holy—as they know more surely the SON of GOD—so they would be more sincerely and intensely moved by their love for us, and pray for us the more earnestly? The Word of GOD has revealed to us the fact that the dead are not unconscious, that they still remember the living, that they pray for them. What is Death? It is the separation of soul and body. But this does not affect the ties that bound together the members of CHRIST'S Body. The Communion of Saints is something *spiritual;* and that which makes its effect enduring is the fact that CHRIST sustains it—in His Humanity is this alone to be found—'As when one member of the Body suffers, all suffer, so when one member is honoured, will all the members rejoice with it'—'Ye are the Body of Christ and members in particular.' The Body is united and Grace conveyed from one member to another and from the Head of the Body to those in Heaven and to those upon earth, by the HOLY SPIRIT. The Communion of Saints is that life which they in common derive from CHRIST. This life is manifested by Love, intercessory prayers, giving of our own, that others may be benefitted, aiding in all ways, those whom we can aid, *laying down our life for the brethren*—these duties concern our fellows—and towards GOD, devotion, praise, offering the Sacrifice, glorifying Him by the love we bear the brethren, seen, in our praying for them and doing what we can to aid them in attaining eternal life. The holy do not receive grace for themselves alone; it is given them that they may *sacrifice* themselves the more for the welfare of the struggling members of CHRIST.

"Now this blessed devotion to GOD'S interests and those of others, comes from CHRIST. That many are joined together in heart and mind because of the

same devotion arises from the fact that CHRIST receives into His Holy Humanity, all who are baptized, and partake the sustenance necessary for continuing that Divine life, in the Holy Communion. He, therefore, is the source of all Grace, the link which binds all together, the Body which contains all. This Communion, therefore, is spiritual, deriving its strength and endurance from CHRIST. Can death destroy the *spiritual* life? No. Neither does death destroy that Communion which is the blessed privilege of the Christian Church. The spirit is but taken nearer GOD, is gifted with higher graces, is filled with clearer and brighter light. That true love for our soul's welfare does not die; but as the soul is enlightened by a truer knowledge of GOD and of the precious reward He has for us, there will be greater love of GOD, and therefore a greater love of us: the prayer for our soul's salvation will be only the more importunate.

"And if we love our brethren, knowing that if they have died in a state of grace they will finally be saved, though now they may not have received the unspeakable joy that GOD will award them; we shall be moved by the same love that induces others to pray for us, and we shall pray for them, that GOD's light may shine upon them, more and more brightly unto the perfect day."

What careful *thinking-out* for his hearers of all the mystical structure and wondrous working of "the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth," making "increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love"! What love in himself, burning, for all souls! What plainness of speech,

reaching after the simplest understandings with this great "prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"! And what august unconscious prophecy—"This life is manifested by Love * * * *laying down our life for the brethren.* * * * The holy do not receive grace for themselves alone; it is given them that they may *sacrifice* themselves the more for the welfare of the struggling members of CHRIST"!

Thus he preached, and thus lived, and so his living was a preaching, also. The gravest and most serious things of this world—poverty, sin, pain, remorse, grief, —were daily known to him, and so were daily about him, and with him, the concerns of the future world, all of which are serious and grave to a man walking in earthly sunlight—yet he was the farthest removed from gloom—the cheeriest and merriest heart imaginable, full of quick brightness and honest fun; patient of a weak joke, even, and when a really good one caught him, it seized and shook him with inextinguishable laughter.

But the whole man was so attuned by Grace that there were no discords in him; though this very time of returning health and new freshness of body and spirit—when every prospect pleased—dates the following witness to his inner life.

That remarkable book, the Biography of Henri Perreyve, by Père A. Gratry, is filled by Louis with pencillings, and one passage to which he would especially direct his own attention is marked by his hand with

the Sign of the Cross,—and these are the words—speaking of the Priesthood—"But the essential, the Sacerdotal purpose to which it should be used, is to *die*. Such death must be begun in chastity, continued in mortification, consummated in actual death, which is the Priest's final oblation, his last sacrifice." And again—"What if they (Thy Priests) fear it, shun it? If they dread its foreshadowing, its far-off sound, as though it were a fearful, intolerable vision? What if, instead of counting death as the most solemn of our festivals, the most worthy sacrifice of our whole life, we fear it?" And again—"And thus, Lord, I presume to ask of Thee grace to love death, and since it is not well to be taken by surprise, by the unforeseen approach of the grim shadow, I pray Thee that Thou would'st fill my mind with a continual, incessant meditation upon death."

The following Resolutions were written-out in August, 1878, while Louis was in charge at the House of Prayer:

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"Resolved:
To Pause
(1.) Before reading,
(2.) Before speaking on religious topics,
(3.) Before instructing,
(4.) Before any Office or religious Service,
(5.) Before visiting the sick, or,
(6.) Before going to talk with one on the subject of conversion
—and pray that I may go and work in the strength of

the Name of the LORD JESUS—forget myself, and do all for GOD.

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"To be very cautious and careful in handling the Holy Vessels at all times, especially during the Celebration and after the Consecration."

And the subjoined list is given (with many blanks) to show how minute and careful was his personal and pastoral prayer:

"*Those for whom I should intercede.*—Father's family—Relations at Skaneateles—Staten Island—New York—Buffalo—Marshall—Miami—Green Bay—Sister ——— ——— ——— ——— —Sisters of Good Shepherd—Sisters of Holy Child JESUS—Sisters of St. Mary—The Bishops of —— and ——. The Priests of those Dioceses, also of the whole Catholic Church, but especially ——— ——— ——— ——— —Penitents ——— ——— ——— ——— —The sick in Female Hospital (especially ———) and St. Luke's Hospital—For one inclined to embrace the Faith, Mr. ——— —For the poor, especially for those of ——— also in that Parish the rich—The mourning ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— —Those baptized by me—Those presented by me for Confirmation—Those who have been fed by me with the Bread of Life—My godchildren ——— ——— ——— especially at Sext pray for —— and —— that they may be conquered by the power of CHRIST'S love."

"With continuing good health and, indeed, increasing strength and brightness, Louis passed the heats of Summer in the ceaseless labours of Minister-in-charge at the House of Prayer. Late in August (on

Tuesday, the 27th) he left that Parish, followed by the love and respect of every person in it, and attended by the tearful farewells and blessings of his poor. It will long be remembered how the poor people of the Parish, in particular, mournfully beset the Rectory on the day of his departure. Those in whose house he lived while in Newark are used to men of godly ways, and they say that their witness of him may be summed up in the single expression—That he was the *holiest* man they ever knew.

He made a very brief visit to some kindred, and at the end of the week was at his post in Hoboken. On Sunday, Sept. 1st, he began his service in the Church of the Holy Innocents there. The following letter was written on the next day and reveals the new *mise en scène*—

"Yesterday was my first day as a Missionary in the parish of The Holy Innocents. The same name, you will notice, as that of my Parish at Oak Hill. The services were very delightful, indeed. Of course I have been here several times before; but the services never seemed quite so pleasant as yesterday. The Parish is for the poor, and is in a part of the town where the poor live. There will be three of us—Priests—and we are to live together just across the street from the Church. The rooms are quite comfortable, though of course quite plainly furnished. There will be plenty of work, and yet we shall not be overworked. What is of special advantage is that I shall not have the responsibility, as I am not in charge, but an Assistant.

"There will be some souls, however, over whom I shall have special care. The salary is not large—$300

above the expenses of board. We have the two upper stories of a house—the lower is a store. The rooms are (on the second floor) kitchen, dining-room, bedroom for servant, general reception-room, oratory; on the third floor, three small bedrooms, library, common-room, part of which is to be screened-off and a bed placed for any visiting brother Priest. There are no carpets, and the furniture is very plain, nevertheless the home will be extremely pleasant. We go to our rooms to-day, and shall begin to live there immediately. The third member of our little company has not yet come, but is expected the middle of this month. This work among the poor is the work to which I have always felt myself called, and am so happy in finding that others' opinion agrees with mine. I shall never lament my going to England, but shall ever be thankful for it, and for the illness also that followed. I have the greatest confidence in Father Benson's judgment and would be willing to do what he advises. In a letter which I received from him a week ago he says: 'I have no doubt that your calling is to be a secular Priest.' He therefore, does not advise my looking forward to the Religious Life, but to active work in a parish. I have received this as a sure expression of GOD'S will concerning me, and shall therefore devote my life to our LORD as a parish Priest.

"If GOD should hereafter clearly indicate any calling of me to a life of greater denial and self-abnegation I should by His Grace follow His Guidance. This is enough about myself, but I feel assured that you and mother and all will be glad to learn how happily my work has been ordered by our Lord for me. You don't know how worried I am about the yellow-fever. If it reaches St. Louis please write for

me and I will come and assist you for a time. I am sure that I can obtain the time (for I have already spoken of it) and there is no use of your overworking yourself.

"I should like to have my copy of St. Ignatius' Meditations which I left at the house. I will continue to lend you my Bishop Andrewes' Devotions, for I know that you must like them exceedingly and when I do have the work again it will be so pleasant—so lovingly sweet—to know that you have offered praises in the words I may then use.

"I hope, dear father, that you will remember my offer of assistance in case the pestilence reaches St. Louis and as I am in excellent condition, and anxious to work, the few weeks I might be in St. Louis would only be blessed for my good and (D. V) for the good of others. I mention 'my own good' first lest you should hesitate to send for me thinking that the injury to myself would be greater than the good I might do to others. But besides I fear that there was that longing for *personal holiness* by acts of this kind that made me forgetful for the moment of what should have been uppermost—the good of others. Tell M—— that on St. Augustine's Day I Celebrated, and that she was in my mind and heart as she always is when I Celebrate—but I know that her prayers and those of others have been already answered, for there has been a great deepening in my religious life and in the consciousness of the blessedness of being a Catholic Priest.

"I cannot after writing so long a letter speak of all separately but they are all ever in my heart—never more really or sincerely than when at the Altar."

On the day after the date of this letter, that is, on Tuesday, Sept. 3d, Louis went in the evening to

Peekskill, N. Y., to supply for a few days the place of the Priest serving at the Altar of the Mother-House of the Sisters of St. Mary, at that place. He Celebrated in the Sisters' Chapel at seven o'clock on the morning of the following day (Wednesday, the 4th). Soon after, at about half-past eight o'clock, the Mother-Superior received a telegram from the Sisters of St. Mary at Memphis, Tenn., saying—"The Rev'd Dr. Harris is dangerously ill, the Rev'd C. C. Parsons is just attacked by yellow-fever, and there is no other Priest of the Church in Memphis." The Mother-Superior took the telegram to Louis. He said—"Perhaps I can go to the Sisters. Mr. Sword has spoken of going—he ought not to go, but I think I might." The Mother-Superior expressed a wish for the advice of the Rev'd Dr. Houghton, and Louis then proposed to go, himself, at once to New York, bearing the dispatch. This being agreed to, he departed by the 9:45 A. M. train.

He went directly to the Rev'd Dr. Houghton, with whom at that time was the Bishop of Tennessee, and begged to be instantly sent to Memphis. Dr. Houghton says—"His heart seemed thoroughly stirred within him. He came to me with the determination to set off as soon as possible. Obstacles were put in his way. He was detained against his will twenty-four hours. The yielding to his wish here was not until he said he felt he must go."

Bishop Quintard says—"When he presented himself at the Rectory of The Church of The Trans-

figuration, and offered his services to me, he wished very much to go to Memphis—to take up the work of Mr. Parsons. Very many Priests tendered their services—Father Grafton, of Boston, Mr. Wilson, of Michigan, Mr. Milner Jones, of South Carolina, Mr. Jardine, of St. Louis and some thirty others—but I did not think any unacclimated person should venture, while it was possible to secure the services of Clergymen who were acclimated. Mr. Schuyler, however, had made up his mind to go to Memphis. He had evidently consecrated himself to the work before him and was impatient of delay."

There is not the least doubt that upon reading the telegram at Peekskill Louis formed his unshaken purpose to go to Memphis if no person physically more fit should volunteer. None who knew him well—perhaps none who read this simple story of his life—can believe that any other determination could be possible for him. It is enough on this head to recall the circumstances of the time—Priests of the Church failing and dying, without comfort from any brother; Sisters, who had ministered unto death, with no Ministry of the Church at the last hour; those of them who yet lived, working endlessly in scenes of frightful anguish and desolation without the Sacramental Food which is their daily nourishment and strength; hundreds of all classes suffering and dying without any Offices of Religion. Clearly this was enough to determine such a man, whose profession was Sacrifice, and his business the cure of souls.

At noon of Wednesday Louis returned to Hoboken to prepare for his departure, that evening, in case the situation should remain unchanged. The Rev'd Mr. Sword says—

"He came into this house about noon and startled me with the statement, made in the most quiet and simple way, that he was going to Memphis. I begged that time should be taken to consider whether some one could not be found to whom the undertaking would involve less peril—but he was sure there was no one. We had luncheon. I assisted him in packing. Very little was said. I went with him to the ferry and bade him good-bye with a very sad heart. He was going to Dr. Houghton's to learn whether any word had come from Memphis and to get his passes, expecting to start at six that evening."

It is a most moving and pathetic instance of Louis' devotion to others that, in the hurried hours above-mentioned—a time when, if ever, a man might be pardoned for thinking of himself, and for excitement and mental distraction—Louis was tranquilly employed with the concerns of another person, in whom he had a deep interest. The following letter tells its own story—it is copied from the original MS.:

"HOBOKEN, Sept. 4th, '78.

Dear ———: I leave this evening for Memphis. There is great need of me there. I make a very special request of you. Will you put this letter in ———'s hands? It must not be spoken-of, as it regards her spiritual welfare. I trust you.

"Believe me,

"Aff'tly yours,

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("GOD bless you") "L. S. SCHUYLER."

Louis learned in New York that there was some prospect that another Priest, used to the fever, might be had at Memphis, and upon this account and by other reasons he was dissuaded from starting that evening, and returned to Hoboken. The Revd. Mr. Sword says—

"At six I was astonished by his coming in. Louis still thought he had better go, but would wait until the next day, hoping in the meantime to hear from the Sisters. I begged him to use the greatest caution about entering upon this task, as I was certain he would be wrong in going without the gravest necessity. We talked over the matter all that evening and late into the night. What struck me most of all was the humility he showed. He did not seem to think he was about to do any great thing but simply was following a call of duty. His great anxiety was that there should be no self-will in his action. He wanted to go, not because it was a heroic action, not because his enthusiasm was aroused, but simply because GOD seemed to call him. The next morning he Celebrated in the Church at six o'clock. I served him. After he had vested and said the prayer in the Sacristy, just before entering the Sanctuary, he turned to me and said—'Let it be our special intention at this Celebration that whatever in this matter is of self may come to naught, and whatever is of GOD may be prospered.' So with that intention we offered the Holy Sacrifice, and received together the Bread of Life."

Shortly after this Service Louis went to New York, again prepared to go South. The natural fear and urgency of his kindred had not prevailed with him, and on the night before they had therefore seen Bishop

Quintard, who telegraphed to the Revd. Dr. Schuyler at St. Louis asking if he would consent to Louis' going to Memphis. Louis found that no answer to this message had arrived, nor to the message which had been sent to the Sisters at Memphis announcing his readiness to go on and requesting information. He waited all day in vain for these answers, and at evening left for Memphis on the six o'clock train, (Thursday, Sept. 5th).

Bishop Quintard says of this day—"What struck me was his devout collectedness—his concentration of purpose. I am sure that he had consecrated himself to this special mission at the Altar. Once, while talking with him, my attention was arrested by his evidently losing himself in prayer. When he replied to some question which I addressed to him he bowed very meekly and signed himself with the Sign of the Cross."

Just after Louis had left, a dispatch arrived from the Sisters at Memphis deprecating his coming, and also one from the Revd. Dr. Schuyler of St. Louis withholding his consent. Bishop Quintard thereupon telegraphed to the Revd. Dr. Tschiffely, at Louisville, requesting him to stop Louis at that city, and detain him there for further instructions. This telegram was received by Dr. Tschiffely on the 6th, and in consequence of it Louis spent Saturday, the 7th Sept., in Louisville. Of this day Dr. Tschiffely says—

"He came to see me in the morning and inquired about the dispatch, which I showed him. He then asked for the privilege of Celebrating the Holy Communion in the Church, and I made all things ready

for him. After breakfast he went to the Telegraph Office and forwarded messages to Memphis and elsewhere. He was much of the day in prayer. He seemed to be completely possessed with the idea that his duty lay in going to the plague-stricken city, and all that could be done by others and myself seemed powerless to move him from what he considered highest duty. In the afternoon he received a telegram from his father imploring him to come home and not to go to Memphis. But so firm were his convictions that he wrote a letter to his father in language so reverent and beautiful that when he read it to me I was moved to withdraw further opposition and advance him on his journey with all convenient speed. Immediately after this letter had been mailed he received a telegram from Sister Hughetta, and, about an hour after, I had the following telegram from Bishop Quintard, in New York—'Mr. Parsons is dead, let Mr. Schuyler go on.' He left this city at midnight of the 7th. When I bade him good-bye I felt very sorry—but he said to me, 'Why do you feel so? I never felt better in my life, and the way seems perfectly clear before me. I feel confident no harm will come to me.' I have never met any one who seemed to be so thoroughly absorbed in the idea of duty and devotion to his Master and LORD, Whose servant he was, and he who gave himself for others is beloved of Him. May his soul rest in peace, and perpetual light shine upon him!"

The telegrams to and from Memphis mentioned by Dr. Tschiffely are given by Sister Hughetta, who says:—

"From Louisville he telegraphed to me, 'I am here, awaiting orders. May I come?' I did not dare to take the responsibility of saying 'Come.' Yet so great was our need that I could not refuse his offered

ministrations. I therefore wrote—'The Sister-Superior and Sister Thecla hopelessly ill. The Revd. C. C. Parsons is dying. We have no Priest.' I cannot remember that he sent an answer to my dispatch, but on Sunday afternoon he arrived at St. Mary's."

The letter written from Louisville in reply to his father's telegram has been preserved, and is given here:

"LOUISVILLE, Sept. 7th, 1878.

"My dearest Father: Your dispatch was just received. I am truly sorry that you sent it, because I firmly believe that I am only doing right in going to Memphis, in case I am needed. When I offered my services, I was certain that, so far as I could judge, I was only doing what GOD demands of me. I started from New York fully intending to go directly to Memphis. A telegram however was put in my hand before I reached Louisville, informing me that Bishop Quintard wishes me to wait here for news from Memphis. I am now waiting. I shall not be called upon until I am needed. If there be need, I feel assured that I am only doing my duty, and in accordance with GOD'S will, if I go. It will be very painful to act in opposition to your command, and nothing but the conviction that I must obey GOD would at all satisfy my mind in not heeding your command. GOD'S will cannot be but right. I have not been ordered by any one to go South, but my services have been accepted. GOD'S blessing will therefore go with me. I am not going rashly, but if there be need GOD will have permitted the need, and then He will only bless me in filling up the ranks He has allowed to be thinned.

"Therefore, dearest father, I think I am only receiving the words of the Lord JESUS; 'Whosoever loveth

father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me,' in obeying His call to do the work of a Priest in Memphis, if He puts it into the hearts of His servants there to call upon me for assistance. GOD may not ask me to go. He may call me to that duty and preserve me. But, if He calls me and I go and die it is not a self-willed act, but an act of obedience to GOD.

"Love to all.

"Ever your dear son,

"LOUIS."

Here is the motive of sacrifice—full-sounding, and climbing to its utmost height of expression—"if He calls me and I go and die it is not a self-willed act, but an act of obedience to GOD." Strange if in his mind were any remembrance of the earlier letter—"It seems strange that our LORD would keep one away when His Church stands so much in need of Ministers"! That had been the ruling thought of his life. It was the only thought or feeling of his mind and heart and soul, this day. The letters lie together, now, commenting each on each, with deep, mute eloquence; and he who wrote them has learned (with what rapture of exquisite bliss and grateful adoration) that he was in no manner kept away.

As soon as his father received the letter of the 7th, he answered—"You have my full consent, and my blessing". This reached Louis at Memphis, and it is told of him that his countenance was radiant, as he read it.

When Louis reached Memphis he was much fatigued with his journey, but went straight to the Sisters'

House, ready for any labour. There he was urged to take a thorough rest before beginning any work. He said—"I do not care to rest. I want to do my utmost." He was not taken up to the Sisters' rooms on that (Sunday) evening, for both Sisters and Miss Gray had received the Blessed Sacrament that morning, the Rev'd Dr. Dalzell having arrived from Louisiana on the day before. But he exacted a promise that they would send for him in the night if he were needed. As he left the Sisters' House he met the Rev'd Dr. Dalzell.

Dr. Dalzell says:

"That day I shall never forget. The Sister Constance lay dying, and Sister Thecla hopelessly ill, in St. Mary's House, while another member of the household was just rallying from a severe attack of the fever. After hours of labour in different portions of the city, and witnessing scenes that filled me with horror, and made me realize that we were breathing an atmosphere of the most deadly poison, I had gone to the Sisters' House to pay a last visit there for the day. It was near seven o'clock, when, as I stepped from my buggy, a young Clergyman came hurriedly from the residence of Dr. Harris, and, with a very gentle manner and winning smile, extended his hand, with the words, 'This is Dr. Dalzell?' 'Yes,' I said; 'and, my dear young brother, who are you, and where have you come from?' His reply, given in a low tone, while his lip trembled with emotion, was, 'My name is Schuyler; I am from New Jersey, and have come to render such assistance as I can in this dreadful time; I have seen Dr. Harris, and he tells me to see you, and do what you say.' I asked him if

he was related to my friend, Dr. Schuyler, of St. Louis. 'He is my father,' he replied, and a tear started to his eye as he gave the answer, 'and I am *so* glad that you and he are friends, as it will be a comfort to him to know that I am with you.' I then asked him if he had ever seen Yellow-Fever, and if he realized the risk he ran in coming to Memphis. To my dismay I found that he was utterly unacclimated, and that he had come, not as many others had come, with the hope, if not assurance, that he should escape, but as the brave soldier leads the forlorn-hope, knowing that all the chances were against him, but with a burning desire to help the suffering, to work while his strength lasted, and then give his life cheerfully for CHRIST'S sake and the Church. This, my first conversation with him, impressed me with the conviction that he had come to die, and that he knew it; but had come in a spirit of the noblest self-devotion, counting the cost, and cheerfully willing to pay it. He seemed to be filled with a holy enthusiasm; an ardent desire to begin his work at once; and a readiness to endure all that the situation called for. Especially was he exercised about the Sisters, and anxious to minister to them.

"As he was fatigued by his journey, and required rest, I insisted that he should undertake no duty that night, but get refreshing sleep and be ready for such work as might present itself next morning. His reply was characteristic—'But you are more tired than I am, and you ought to let me help you to-night.' Mr. Parsons had been buried the day before, from Dr. Harris' house; the Dr. himself was still confined to his bed after a very severe attack of the fever; and Major Mickle was in the house in the first stage of the disease. It was, therefore, thought advisable that

he should take quarters with me at the Peabody Hotel. But he begged so earnestly to be allowed to remain near the Church and the Sisters, that a small bed was prepared for him in the parlour. Before leaving for the night, I told him that he must be satisfied for a few days to minister to the Sisters alone, and that I could not consent to his visiting the Infirmaries, or going into the more deadly portions of the city, until his system had become measurably accustomed to the poison of the atmosphere. The next morning, however, I found that after an early Celebration he had answered several calls to houses conspicuous for the number of cases of fever in them; and in the afternoon he went into the very thick of the pestilence, in the lower portions of the city, and to one of the largest and most densely-filled Infirmaries. I saw it was useless to attempt any restraint upon his zeal; that he had come to work, and *would* work at all cost; and that I could then only advise *how* to work, what precautions to observe, and to be careful in the matter of getting some sleep every night."

After Celebrating the Holy Communion at seven o'clock in St. Mary's Cathedral on this day (Sept. 9th) Louis wrote to his father a letter, from which the fol- sentences are taken:

"I am so very glad that I came, for I can be of good assistance. It was GOD'S will, and He will keep me. Do not worry about me, for I am in GOD'S hands. * * * I believe I was obeying GOD speaking through the Bishop and the Sister who telegraphed me after Mr. Parsons' death. I shall exercise all prudence. GOD will only allow what is best for me to happen."

He also wrote the following letter on the same day:

MEMPHIS, Sept. 9th, '78.

"Your letter reached me at a time when my mind was anxiously engaged, first in getting settled in my work at Hoboken, and then in getting ready to come South. I remember with the greatest pleasure my short time of work in Newark; and your kindness in calling to say good-bye to me I shall not soon forget. I am very glad to receive your photograph.

"You can imagine how anxious my mind is now, but for a day or two I shall not be allowed to do much running about in doing general work. Therefore I have time to spare for these few lines. I shall bear you in mind. Please remember me in your prayers.

"Believe me ever

"Yours, very truly,

"L. S. SCHUYLER."

During the night of Sunday, a few hours after greeting Louis, Sister Hughetta was stricken with the fever. She says:

"Mr. Schuyler came to my bedside on Sunday morning, said prayers for me and gave me the Church's Absolution. During the days that followed I saw him but once, when he assisted in the Celebration of Holy Communion on Thursday morning in our Chapel, bringing the Cup to Sister Thecla (then dying) and to me. Dr. Dalzell had taken charge of my case both as physician and Priest, and thought it safest to have me kept perfectly quiet and unexcited. Mr. Schuyler sent me a kind message every day, and I learned from my nurse how untiring he was in his work. Among those to whom he ministered was a gentleman, a friend of the Sisters, a patron of our School, but an infidel. Mr. Schuyler converted and baptized this man, whose

death was followed by the death of his three children, leaving the widow inconsolable in her loss but for the comforting thought of her husband's salvation."

The Rev. Dr. Dalzell relates this fact in his narrative of the succeeding days. Dr. Dalzell says—

"From Monday afternoon to Wednesday morning the weather was very bad, raining incessantly and very raw, and the streets were in a frightful condition, while the number of deaths was greater than at any other time during the epidemic, and the calls upon the Clergy incessant.

"I very well remember that as we were on the way to the Cemetery with the remains of Sister Constance, he in one buggy and I in another, the rain pouring down, a request came to us to visit a sick man, and he ran on until he overtook me and excused himself from further attendance at the funeral, as he wished specially to visit this case, having already seen and had some conversation with the sick man, besides ministering to several sick children in the same house. That man had long been known as an infidel, one who gloried in his infidelity. He died the day our brother was taken sick, and died humbly penitent, brought to a sense of his sin and danger by dear Schuyler's ministrations, and being baptized by him. During those three dreadful days his labours were abundant, and I was struck with his cheerfulness, and the hope he began to express that after all he might escape and continue to be of service.

"I saw him on Thursday morning and he seemed to be quite well, and spoke of his intention to visit several of the Infirmaries that day. He did so. In the afternoon, about four o'clock, I again met him in Dr. Harris' room, and instantly discovered that something

was wrong. In fact, he then had high fever, with other symptoms of the prevailing epidemic. Dr. Green, one of the resident physicians, who had come in about the same time with myself, agreeing with me in this opinion, I told him that he had Yellow-Fever. Then, and then only, did his spirit waver; and *then* it was evident that the burst of emotion that overcame him was occasioned by regret that he must stop work. 'I had so hoped that I should be spared long enough to do some good for the Church, something for the glory of CHRIST.' When we had taken him down stairs, he begged me not to misconstrue his emotion; assured me it was not for himself he wept, and that after a little while he would be calm, and show that he was resigned to GOD'S will, which had put a stop to his labours, and had probably called him to die. Here his work ended. In less than four days from the time he reached the plague-stricken city he was lying in the throes of the deadly disease. But they were days of glorious work for CHRIST and the Church: visiting the sick, praying with, instructing and directing them, administering the Holy Sacraments to the dying, burying the dead, and ministering hope and consolation to the bereaved.

"He was ill from Thursday to the following Tuesday, from the first hopelessly so, as I thought. But, most mercifully, his brain was not affected until within two or three hours of his death. So I am enabled to say, that his *death* was no less glorious than his short term of labour. He was naturally of nervous temperament, and the excitement of the fever made him inclined to talk, which, of course, had to be checked. But he would not be restrained from speaking of his dear ones in his father's home at St. Louis, of the comfort he felt in the possession of a letter from his father, received after he reached Memphis, consenting

to his coming, and giving him his blessing; and of the most comforting reflection that he was being remembered by many, brother-Priests and others, at the Altar and in secret. Several times a day I ministered to him, every day Communicating him, and each day more and more impressed by the unspeakably noble motive of self-sacrifice that had brought him to this end. The Christian heroism that at first found utterance in those few quiet words spoken to a brother Priest, 'I am going to Memphis,' never forsook him. He showed not the slightest sense of fear, or apprehension for his personal safety; never alluded to it, indeed; and was eager to go to the bedside of cases that would make even the experienced physician shudder. If there ever lived a Christian hero, Louis Schuyler was one. If ever Priest of the Church gave his life, and gave it cheerfully, for CHRIST'S sake, and the suffering members of His Body, Louis Schuyler gave his, and gave it cheerfully. I shall always hold him in sacred memory as a Martyr in will and in deed."

Dr. Dalzell omits saying that he and Dr. Green gained admission for Louis into the Infirmary opened only the day before for the exclusive use of physicians and nurses. Dr. Dalzell himself took him there, and remained with him most of that night, notwithstanding there were in attendance a resident physician, and a special nurse who gave all of her time to Louis.

It seems a peculiar mercy that Louis' brain continued clear almost unto the end, since, in the words of one of the Sisters who survives, "the disease is so rapid in its course, so prostrating from the first hour of its attack, that the patient seldom speaks, or shows any interest in aught."

The Good Lord delivered Louis from this "sudden death," and granted him the priceless blessing of clear sense and thought through days and nights of solemn preparation.

He knew that he could not recover, and begged that his Cross, which he always wore, might be buried with him. He desired that his ring might be given to his sister; and his Prayer-book, which had been the gift of his parents at the time of his Confirmation and first Communion, he left to his beloved mother, in dear remembrance of many years of tender confidence and affection. "He prayed much during his illness, frequently making the Sign of the Cross."

Shortly before his death his mind wandered. He began speaking in a high voice, as though delivering a Sermon. His nurse quieted him gently. Then he said to her—"Please tell me whether I am in Memphis, or whether I am in my little Church at Hoboken." "You are in Memphis. I was afraid you would disturb the others who are ill," she answered. "Gentlemen, forgive me, if I disturbed you," he said sweetly. Then, with this gleam of his old, exquisite courtesy in his last-recorded words, he composed himself; and at half-past two o'clock, in the morning of Tuesday, the seventeenth of September, A.D. 1878, he joined the Church Expectant, and his soul was with the Saints.

COMMEMORATION.

———"The man that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in GOD."

AN indescribable cry of grief and admiration arose in every quarter of the land. Its many voices, secular or religious—private and tender, or public and official—blended into the one deep tone of proud regard with which mankind everywhere greets undaunted courage, and with a grateful sense of its own kinship applauds a man who dies for men.

A few of these voices are given expression in the following pages. Most must remain unvocal here—though not less true and dear in higher regions where, if there be joy over one sinner that repenteth, we may weakly imagine the triumph over a Saint who has finished his course.

The whole range of newspaper comment is excluded. Collection of it would amount to a catalogue of all American journals, and many foreign ones, for the latter days of September, 1878. For it may, most likely, be literally true that no newspaper in this

country failed to print and honour Louis' name and work. Selection also being very difficult,—and, in fact, the laws of space inexorable—it has been determined to omit every newspaper reference, though many were very just, beautiful and precious. Some small selection out of a mass of private letters and memoranda has been made. Of these the things here printed are for some special reason fit.

The following was written to the Editor by a man of ripe years, versed in affairs and men, clear-thoughted, impatient of pretense, and, as the phrase is, not in sympathy with all of Louis' views. It is in effect a summary of the best Lay judgment of the whole matter—

"No doubt you judge your friend Schuyler rightly. Such are rare, but can be found if we search for them and have the capacity to recognize the character when found. * * * *They have been such men as he—of like faith with him—who have done all that has been done in propagating the Gospel.*"

The following letters or parts of letters were written to Louis' father—

"St. Mark's Church,
"Paw Paw, Mich.,
"Oct. 15, 1878.

"Permit me to add my tribute of sympathy to the very general expression you have received from the Faithful, both Clergy and Laity, throughout the Church, in the day of your sorrow and bereavement. * * *

Shall I tell you, my dear brother, of my deep and loving sympathy with you and all of yours, and how

this becomes a bereavement to the whole Church, and not, also, with you, as with her, praise and thank GOD for the precious example of His faithful Priest in his noble example of self-sacrifice and eminent Christian heroism even unto death? His is a name that will not be forgotten in the annals of our American Church, and his example such as will nerve many in the ranks of the Ministry to more faithful devotion to its dear, though awful, responsibilities.

"May the dear, loving JESUS send to you the full comfort of His Grace and Benediction.

"Affect'ly yours in Xt,

"GEO. P. SCHETKY."

"ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL,
"QUINCY, ILL.,
"Sept. 28, 1878.

"My dear Brother: On coming here two or three days ago I had the intelligence of the glorious death of your son.

"A walk to Jordan, and a translation—but at the beginning of the Prophetical career!

"Even amid the undisturbed hopes of the early Priesthood, surely 'to die is gain', and such a departure leaves a record which the laboured patience of years might not have written. May our LORD continue and increase the comfort which He has already brought to you!

"As your son has the almost curious interest of tens of thousands of Christian people so have you their sympathy and their prayers.

"May you and I, who have been set apart to the LORD'S most sacred service and have served through a generation at His Altar and among His sick and afflicted brethren, at last attain such honour as your

son already has, after his short, suddenly-closed ministrations.

"With warmest heart,
"Yours in the LORD,
"ALEX'R BURGESS."

"QUINCY, ILL., Sept. 23d, 1878.

"My dear Dr. Schuyler: I hardly know whether in writing to you just now I am to rejoice with them who do rejoice or weep with them who weep. At any rate I cannot help saying a word of sympathy with you in this time of your great trial. * * *

"It is a loss to the Church here in the work that your son would have done. For that we all feel like weeping. But what a heritage has the Church in the martyrdom he has wrought. His life has not been lost or thrown away. Far from it! He will live, and his bright example will be cherished in many a young heart which will seek to emulate it.

"While then I am sad with you in your natural tears I rejoice with you in the high and overmastering joy you must feel as you contemplate the resplendent record your son has left behind him—for while it is the possession of the whole Catholic Church it is yet yours in a peculiar sense and no man can take it from you.

"Most faithfully
"And affectionately yours,
"WM. B. CORBYN."

The Rev'd Edward A. Larrabee, also of Quincy, wrote:

"I need not tell you of the value I set upon the books you sent me, especially those notes in his own

handwriting of meditations in which it may be GOD the HOLY GHOST was speaking to him of that heavenly wisdom which he exemplified in counting not his own life dear unto himself. As I read, yesterday, in the first of these meditations, the words written by his own hand, and underscored—'*We are what we do*'—I could not but connect the meditation with the Priestly and heroic action in which his earthly life ended."

"CHICAGO, Oct. 30, 1878

"Rev. and dear Sir: Permit me to express my tenderest sympathy with you in the recent death of your heroic and devoted son. His life was pure and beautiful as a Saint's, but the story of his death is the record of a Martyr. Secular motives and self-seeking have a deeper hold on the Clergy than I can believe if his example does not lead us all to a more real consecration to the service of the Blessed LORD.

"Sincerely yours,

"W. E. MCLAREN."

"MISSION HOUSE OF ST. JOHN EV.,
"22, STANIFORD ST., BOSTON,
"17 Sept., 1878.

"Reverend and Dear Sir: I venture to address you on account of the affection I have for your son, of whose death at Memphis early this morning I have received an announcement by telegraph. It was during a Mission in which I was engaged at Chicago, in the June of last year, that I first saw your son, and it was at that time that he offered himself to our Society. He told me of the peculiarly strong affection which bound him to his father, and I know, Sir, how grievous this sudden blow must be to you. But I am sure that in the midst of your grief you will be able to

rejoice at the really noble end of a life which I believe he earnestly endeavoured to make noble throughout. God Almighty we may feel has accepted his dedication of himself entirely to His service, in a better way than if his health had allowed him to continue in our Brotherhood. Our Superior wrote of him with much affection when it was decided that he could not remain at Cowley. I only saw your son on one occasion since his return—in New York, in the Spring; but I had heard from others of his faithful and successful work at Newark during Mr. Goodwin's absence. When I heard he had gone to Memphis—I thanked God for his generous courage—and I hoped his life at St. Louis might have prepared him to withstand the fever, but I felt that if he were to have a severe attack he would not be able to rally from it. And so it has proved. But he has had part in a really glorious work of Christian charity and heroism. And I doubt not for a moment that such a death voluntarily faced and accepted is a true fulfilment of his Priestly ministry, and a most efficacious witness to the power of our Lord's Name. Pardon me, Reverend and dear Sir, if I have seemed to intrude upon you, and let me assure you of the sympathy and prayers of my Brethren —and of many others—in this time of affliction.

"I am with great respect

"Very faithfully yours in Christ,

"Arthur C. A. Hall."

"Cowley St. John,
"Oxford, Sept. 30, 1878.

"My dear Sir: I have just received the tidings of the death of your dear son. His offer of himself to the work at Memphis was an act of religious heroism, which one values all the more because it was no

strange impulse but in perfect accordance with the previous devotion of his life, longing to give himself wholly to GOD. And now GOD has accepted him! He held him back from the slower processes of discipline in our novitiate, that he might take him to Himself as one whose heart He had already inspired with the fulness of love. Such an end as his must rather waken our emulation than our grief. Especially when we think of the life of weakness which would have probably been a continual burden to him amidst ministrations of earthly service, one cannot but be thankful to think that it has been exchanged for the joyous service of expectant praise amidst the Choirs of Paradise.

"I am quite thankful to have had the privilege of knowing him, although our intercourse was of so brief a character, and mingled with anxiety and sorrow. Yet his deep love for his Saviour was full of teaching to all who witnessed it. The acquaintance of the greatest of men in the paths of earthly life is not to compare with the knowledge and love of GOD's great Saints, however brief and however compassed with the sorrows of outward infirmity. The weakness of earth passes away from such friendships. The joy of Heaven remains as a link between our souls forever. Indeed I am thankful to feel that he is almost a link between our Society and the noble work at Memphis. It is almost as if one of ourselves had been there, for he was thoroughly one with us in heart, besides being an Associate of the Order. Yet I know that the death of a son must be grief to a father's heart. Accept then my dear Sir, at once my sympathy in your sorrow and my congratulations upon the glory which enshrines it.

"I am yours,

"Very truly,

"R. M. BENSON."

"TRINITY CHURCH,
"LINCOLN,
"Sept. 20, 1878.

"My dear Dr. Schuyler: I am unable to express my sadness at the intelligence of your son's death in Memphis. His volunteering to take the place of the Rev. Mr. Parsons was a grand act, his fall is immortal heroism. You have the unspeakable privilege of calling him your son, and the whole Church the splendid example of one of her children willing to go down into the grave for the sake of his Master and humanity. There is a grandeur in the Incarnation as he believed it, and since he fell I have seen it as never before. In the future men will speak of him, and will believe even as he believed. The last interview I had with your son was at the Convention of 1875. He then was all on fire. He reminded me of F. W. Robertson, as I had learned to think of him. His difficulties regarding certain questions were settled. The Church was all-glorious to his view, and he seemed to be almost transfigured by the sight. I have not met him since, and did not know he was in New Jersey until I saw he had volunteered for Memphis. Every day I prayed for his safety. His death was a shock, a sudden surprise, as cruel as sudden. Oh, I cannot write you the anguish I felt. My thought has turned to you. May GOD strengthen you to bear this sore bereavement and give you a sweet peace as you lean upon Him.

"Faithfully and affectionately,
"JOSEPH E. MARTIN."

"I am glad to hear that his friends are preparing a tribute to the memory of our dear friend and brother, Mr. Schuyler, and esteem it a privilege to add my

little offering of honour and love. The news came to me in a foreign land, almost at the same moment, of his starting for the post of dangerous duty, and of his dying at it. I cannot speak of the distress which I feel at the loss of his life and example out of the Church on earth. And yet I was not surprised at the impulse which caused him to offer his services in the South. It was of a piece with the self-forgetfulness and devotion of his character. To others will be left the duty of sketching-out the features of his life. My own more particular acquaintance with him began when, after his College course was ended, he applied to be admitted, in September 1871, as Candidate for Holy Orders. His course from the first was marked by that scrupulous conscientiousness, and that anxious self-discipline which characterized him to the end. I remember the emphasis with which his Examiners reported his examination as being particularly satisfactory. His work at Oak Hill was remarkable. He entered into the life and interests of the humble miners, who formed the greater part of his Parish, with an absorbed enthusiasm. I recall the conversations which we had when I made my visits to his Parish, how he was all engrossed in the joys and household anxieties of his people. The natural result followed. His people, not easily aroused to religious duties out of their hard, anxious life, gave him their confidence and love without measure. Then followed a Confirmation, the Candidates for which were from the gentler and from the more humble families of his Parish, which in its size and import, considering the numbers of the Congregation, is without parallel in the history of this Diocese. And the deep, spiritual impress of his teachings and his life remains with that people to this day. While engaged in this work there

came to him a period of anxiety and doubt which will have mention at other hands. It was the occasion of many anxious conferences between us. The result for him was a regained confidence in the Church's Faith and Authority which never afterward faltered. The ascetic severity of his life told upon his health; and this at length compelled him to resign his work, and he left the Diocese to go to England, although he remained canonically resident until within two months of his death. The fact that our birthdays coincided as to month and day was the occasion of several interchanges of remembrance between us, and the last note I had from him was one recalling this coincidence, last Spring, and sending me a flower plucked at Malvern, in England, on the previous Christmas-Eve, with a loving note. A brave, loving, patient, self-denying Priest, his next birthday will be spent in Paradise.

"C. F. ROBERTSON."

The following letter is from a Unitarian Minister—Chancellor of the Washington University at St. Louis:

"My Dear Sir: Will you permit me to express my deep and sincere sympathy with you under your severe bereavement; and further, to say that, in common with all right-minded persons, I hold in honour the spirit of self-sacrifice in which your son gave his life in the Master's service. There may be some who call it imprudence, but so is all martyrdom and all heroism if measured by a worldly standard. He who stops to consider profit and loss when duty calls, has never leaned upon the Cross of Christ. As the soldier goes deliberately in the face of death, under the word of command, so did your noble son in a grander service

and in obedience to the Captain of our Salvation. It is not a lost life. Out from such losses come the best gains of humanity. We feel ennobled and strengthened for our daily work when we see such completeness of self-surrender, and I feel that there is something enviable in a death which is thus sanctified. May He to Whose service your dear son gave himself comfort you with all the blessed influences of Christian faith, that you may be able to submit yourself to His Divine disposal. Pardon me for thus intruding on your grief,

"As your sincere Friend,

"W. G. ELIOT."

"ST. LOUIS, Sept. 18, '78."

"CHICAGO, Sept. 19, '78.

"Dear, Dear Doctor: My eye has just caught the telegram of Louis' death. I know how your heart is bleeding, yet, my dear friend, it is a great thing to have a Saint and Martyr in one's family. It is a splendid jewel in the family crown, and, believe me, every Priest in the whole world will feel lifted up and strengthened and exalted by the record of that self-sacrifice. Young as he was, his noble death will work a greater work than if he had lived a hundred years. I know that just now you cannot think of this, but you will. Just think how near he will be to his Saviour, how effectual his prayers will be for you and for us all! I will pray for his rest and peace, though I feel he needs but small purgation. His soul was very white and clean.

"With all our love to you, and my earnest prayers for your strengthening, I am

"Affectionately your friend,

"CLINTON LOCKE."

"RACINE COLLEGE,
"Advent, 1878.

* * * * * *

"You know, my dear sir, far better than I, how earnestly and devotedly, with a full, deep appreciation of the Catholic life of the Church, your son went on in his Ministerial life and work. I can never forget the impression produced upon my own mind by the fact, that while he might have lived at home, and still continued to do his work in that mining population near St. Louis for whom he was labouring, he insisted, until his broken health compelled him to do otherwise, in lodging as his people lodged, and being fed with the same fare, that he might the more fully sympathize with their sorrows and cares. I felt very thankful during Lent, 1876, to be called upon, in your own beautiful Church in St. Louis, to preach the Sermon on his Ordination to the Priesthood. From this time forward, heightened by the effect produced by a mission conducted in Chicago by the Rev. Mr. Hall of the Evangelist Fathers, he ever gave his whole life to GOD. It has seemed to me as if GOD in His goodness had accepted what was the deep burden of his soul, that he might utterly and wholly give himself to our LORD JESUS CHRIST, not as he himself wished and planned at first, but as GOD in His wisdom willed. I hear every now and then people say that 'it was a useless sacrifice of a noble life;' 'that had he lived longer he might have done so much more good;' that it was 'unwise,' 'imprudent,' and the like. No one, I think, could know his character, the longings of his soul to surrender all things, even his own life, for CHRIST; his efforts that way, his spirit like that of the two Apostles, (I think I may say so) who, when they were asked, 'Are ye able to

drink of the cup that I shall drink of?' answered, not counting the cost, 'We are able,' and were taken at their word; without feeling that GOD accepted his self-sacrifice, called him to a short, brave struggle, and crowned him as the Martyrs are crowned.

"It seems as if life were made better and more glorious by such an example, as if he had placed before us a higher and better ideal of priestly life; as if in his own life, having once been doubtful of it, he had shown that in the calm and sober and chastened system of our own Church, the fairest fruits of GOD'S grace are every day to be found; and in her deepened life, of which every day She herself is becoming more conscious, are more and more being manifested.

"I am, with deep sympathy and affectionate regard, my dear Dr. Schuyler,

"Ever faithfully your friend,

"JAMES DE KOVEN."

"NEW YORK, Sept. 19.

"My dear Cousin: Louis' death, which was first announced here by a private despatch, came with a sudden shock, though his sickness had been telegraphed, and the worst was to be feared from the first. In what I have seen of him, it always seemed to me that his chief characteristic was his spiritual seriousness, and his absolute loyalty—beyond even the possibility of disobedience—to his own conscience. His life since he came to be a man, as I heard and saw and should have felt from my knowledge of him, had been one of many struggles with himself, but they must all have been struggles to see his duty. After that I cannot conceive of any further struggle in him, except to do it, not counting the cost, even if the cost were to be, as it has been, his life.

"All deaths are tragical, but how few are inspiring tragedies like his; and all bereavements are sorrowful, but this sorrow must be touched with gratitude that by his short life and its brave ending, he has done more to kindle, in all who hear his story, high thoughts of service and sacrifice for others, than most men do who live out their threescore years and ten, and made us of the same name and blood proud that we share them with a martyred hero. Can such a death be called untimely? And is it not of such a life most of all that we can say that he who loses it for CHRIST'S sake shall find it?

"Accept the earnest sympathy of

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER."

The Rev. H. D. Jardine says:

"Immediately upon my arrival in St. Louis, in August, 1875, Mr. Schuyler, then a Deacon, called upon me, and the frequent intercourse which from that time forward strengthened and cemented the friendship which religious sympathy at once evoked, gave me the fullest opportunities of knowing intimately the disposition of heart and mind characterizing one of the purest and most devoted spirits ever known to the Church's history.

"Together we discussed passages from the Fathers, questions of Moral Theology, points of Doctrine and Ecclesiastical History, with whatever concerned the dissemination of the truth as held by the Church in this land and nation. Together we laboured, watched and prayed for the upbuilding of the Zion of God, and hailed the signs of coming triumph for the Cross. After my ordination to the Priesthood, a new and more sacred relation was established between us,

when I became his spiritual guide and adviser. In all my intercourse with him I was constantly impressed with that deep devotion, sensitive conscientiousness, purity of thought and life, which, combined with an eager desire to minister salvation to dying souls, and stimulated by a zealous longing to tread in the footsteps of his suffering LORD impelled him, first to choose a life of special self-denial, and offer himself, at length, for a service of terrible danger, to be crowned after a brief period with the wreath of Martyrdom."

The Rev'd John Sword, Louis' superior at Hoboken, says:

"He had often visited me during the Winter and Spring and had preached and officiated in our Church, and I felt that I knew him quite well. But when he came to live with me in our Clergy-house, though it was only for five days, I became amazed at the depth, fervour and earnestness of his piety. I felt that I had never before been near so holy a man, so humble, so simple, so gentle, so loving, so entirely devoted to his LORD. He seemed to have no thought or wish for himself."

The Rev'd Dr. Wainright, who has furnished notes of Louis' earlier life, says:

"The alacrity with which he dropped all and hastened to the field of suffering and death, shows very conclusively that he had found some firm foothold, where authority was something other to him than impulse. It appeared to him no less than a voice from Heaven commanding—and like every obedient soldier he had no question to ask. He had little opportunity

to administer either to the physical or spiritual necessities of the suffering ones. Death struck him too soon for that. And *that* was not his mission. *He* thought it was—but through his faith and love and sense of duty, GOD would make him, young as he was, a perpetual sermon—such as no living hand can write—for all who shall read and hear the grand story of his life. Herein lay his mission. This act of devotion to duty was the ground-principle in young Schuyler's character. It was in no freak of passionate longing to exhibit himself as a Martyr that he went forth. He was of the genuine stuff of which Martyrs are made. He did not see, nor think of death, but of duty done."

The following note is by the Rev. Cameron Mann, a dear, familiar friend of Louis:

"When he returned from England, I chanced to be in New York, and saw him several times. His health was sadly broken, but he was confident of building it up. His intention was to engage in work so soon as he should be able, and the kind of work he desired was among city poor. His theological views were of the most 'advanced' type, and in them he took great comfort. He seemed to me to model himself after the pattern of which glimpses are given in Froude's Remains, though I believe he had never read that work. But there was a peculiar gentleness about him, and much as his opinions might provoke controversy in those who thought differently, his was not a polemic spirit.

"Whether he would have had what is called 'ministerial success,' had he lived, of course cannot be told, but I think he would, for character, ability and devotion such as his could scarcely fail in time to impress any community, whatever might be its religious atmosphere.

"It has pleased GOD to give him success of a very different kind, and I, though I sorrow at a personal loss, cannot regret it. For him there can be no regret, he has gained the light toward which his whole life grew, and the Church, though she has lost the toil of a faithful Priest, has gained the glory of a noble Martyr. While for all who knew and loved him here St. Cyprian's words are full of helpful meaning—'*fratres nostros non esse lugendos accersitione dominico de sæculo liberatos cum sciamus non eos amitti sed præmitti recedentes præcedere.*'"

One who loved Louis as a son is loved by his mother writes from Oak Hill, "to aid in the perpetuation of his memory:"

"His first people—and O, how dear to us is his memory! Zealous, sympathetic, meek, gentle, faithful and Christlike—truly I fear we shall never see his like again. Would that my pen could express the language of my heart, for then I might hope with it to do him justice.

"He came to us to find a Church without a congregation and ere a year was passed it was regularly filled to overflowing—so much was he loved in the households he visited, and so earnestly had he laboured in his Father's vineyard. To the sick and afflicted he was a constant friend and benefactor, and attended personally to all their wants both spiritual and temporal.

"He presented to the Bishop at one time thirty-three persons for Confirmation—a larger proportion of the entire congregation, said the Bishop, than he had ever before confirmed.

"In all good works he was zealous. As a result of his labours in the neighbouring City Hospital I know of several persons led to devote the remainder of their wasted lives to GOD—brought back from a living death to life by his gentle hand.

"Like his LORD who steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem where he knew a painful and shameful death awaited him, he set his face to go among the fever-stricken people of the South—strangers to him, but brothers and sisters—children of his Father, who might be dying without hope. He left all and went to them if perchance one soul might be led to CHRIST.

"He will live in the memory of his people here as long as they live, and the little ones growing up will be taught to reverence his name.

"May we all meet him at the last day, and may he shine as a bright Star in Heaven—for surely he won many souls to CHRIST."

Mr. G. W. Parker, of this Parish, writes—

"I knew him intimately and confidentially. Although much older than he there seemed to be no reservations on his part in our intercourse, and I believe his most secret thoughts were laid before me for advice and counsel. A nobler, purer, and better man never lived, and the circumstances attending his death form the fitting ending of such a life. Somehow, I have never fully realized his death. I have never felt that sorrow for it that I have felt for some far less dear to me who died under ordinary circumstances. It seems as though he were simply gone somewhere, and is doing good there, and after a while we shall see him again.

"In this Parish, in every humble cottage and comfortable house whose inmates he has visited and ministered to—with them and their descendants his memory will ever be fresh and green, and the story of his saintly life and heroic death will be handed down from generation to generation—the imperishable record of a noble and good man."

The following is an abstract of a letter written to a friend in Holy Orders by the Rev'd A. L. Wood, Assistant-Minister of The House of Prayer—

> " 'Such have I seen; and as they pour'd
> Their hearts in every contrite word,
> How have I rather longed to kneel
> And ask of them sweet pardon's seal!'

"NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 19th, 1878.

"My dear Brother: Last evening, at prayer-time, I was very deeply affected by the audible grief of the Congregation, for the first news of our dear Louis' blessed translation had been but just received. At the close of the Office I tried to make a few remarks on the sad intelligence. By a singular and most beautiful coincidence the second Lesson afforded an appropriate and impressive subject. It was about the anointing by Mary, of Bethany. In commenting upon the act of this devoted woman, I could not fail to see a very striking parallel with the offering just made in Memphis. That precious life was not wasted. The whole Church of CHRIST will be filled with the fragrance of *that* action. For the goodness of any act lies in its *motive*, and not in its usefulness. The motive of this woman's act was a fervent love, and that love made it a good work in our LORD'S sight. And the sacrifice made by our dear friend was

only a natural and not altogether unexpected result of the same devotion to the same Master—'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' No, the precious ointment was not poured out in vain, for 'Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that (he) hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of (him).' Our Saint perfectly believed our LORD'S words, in the same chapter which we read yesterday—'Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.' He was constantly seeking them out, and his favourite recreation was in ministering both to their spiritual and temporal necessities. The sum that he received for his labours here was mostly expended for house-rent, and food for the hungry, and medicines and delicacies for the sick. Like the Blessed Master Himself, he was constantly going about doing good, but always quietly, and without the least knowledge that he was doing any more than his duty. A brief outline of the way in which his time was spent, during the three months he was with us, may interest you, and perhaps others, whom we cannot comfort, nor even perfectly sympathize with. For their grief can only be assuaged by the Divine Love that throbs in the Sacred Heart of JESUS.

"Usually he arose at about 5 o'clock, and spent an hour or more in prayer and meditation. He then went into the Church for the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, which was offered four times a week, and on Saints' Days. The morning was passed in study. In the afternoon he visited the sick, the poor, and any who required especial help. Once or twice a week his evenings were occupied with hearing Confessions. Those who had the privilege of receiving the Ministry

of Consolation at his hands speak with great thankfulness and deep reverence of his wonderful power as a Director. He seemed to have an almost intuitive knowledge that was of great service in dealing with many difficult cases. All who were brought into intimate relations with him were deeply impressed with his genuine sanctity. He was, in the fullest meaning of the term, a holy man. The one comfort I have been able to give his penitents is the reflection that he is still living; still has a full recollection of earthly associations; and in that glory which 'eye hath not seen,' amid the triumph-songs which, as yet, 'ear hath not heard,' his prayers are going up for all who were dear to him here. Another abiding source of consolation is 'the contemplation with assured hope, of a soul so remarkable for a clear and noble Christian simplicity' as our dear friend's was, 'passing into that region of peace, where all is pure, noble, simple, and Christian, and welcomed thither by the myriads of kindred spirits' (including his own patron Saint, John Keble), 'which are there waiting for the remainder of those with whom they are to be made perfect.'

"It seems to me that Louis' influence upon souls in our Parish will always remain. His supernatural life and valiant death, cannot fail to impress not only our own people, but many others in this community who did not even know him.

"The tone of public opinion may be gathered from the leading article in one of our local papers which I mailed to you yesterday. It is decidedly one of the best secular editorials I have ever read. The writer is not even a Churchman, nor does he have any particular affection for our school of thought. He might have listened to a thousand sermons on self-oblation, but he never could have learned the true meaning of

the term until it was brought home to him by the example of this devoted servant of CHRIST and His Church.

"On the morning of Tuesday, August 27th, our dear friend offered his last Eucharist at our Altar. I afterwards breakfasted with him at the Rectory, and then helped him get his things together. He left quite early for Hoboken, and we parted for the last time in the R. R. station.

"I am certain that his departure for the South was not remotely dreamed of at that time, for we fully expected to meet again very soon, and it may be that our happy anticipations will be realized, 'For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday'.

"I only wish that I could speak comfortably to our dear Louis' father. But with so many better comforters any words from me would, perhaps, seem almost presumptuous. There is One alone Who can afford true consolation at such a trying time as this. It is even HE Who when HE saw a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, had compassion on her. HE is even now touched with a feeling of the sorrow of heart which has fallen upon poor Dr. Schuyler and his family, whom may GOD bless and comfort for His sake.

"My own feelings are far too deep for words to express. You know that I loved dear Louis, and I cannot say more."

The following lines, which have been treasured in MS. by Louis' kindred, are fitly here preserved in the security of print. They conclude the present series of selections from the many existing tributes of private, personal love and veneration:

SONNET.

" When some great deed of sacrifice is wrought
Ever will rise the thought in human hearts
Alas, what waste! Into how many parts
Could that have been divided, which now, one
Wild gift of love, is almost careless thrown
Down at the Master's feet. Thy death but starts
The censure, 'Those thy sympathetic arts
Could cheer and help, thou leavest to their moan.'
Yet not in vain the lesson once was taught
That lavishness is sometimes duty's claim,
When Christ declared a good work had been wrought,
Coeval with His Gospel in its fame—
Thy brief yet lasting service was to show
The Church that still her Martyr Spirits glow."

It is naturally difficult to learn how many Memorial Celebrations or other Commemorative Services were held throughout the country. Doubtless there were some—perhaps there were many—intelligence of which hardly passed beyond the bounds of the Parishes in which they took place.

The following are known to the Editor:

In the Parish to which Louis was attached—the Church of The Holy Innocents, at Hoboken—there were Memorial Celebrations on Sept. 24th, and on Oct. 17th.

There was a special Commemoration in the Chapel of Racine College—a place justly sacred and very dear to Louis.

So, also, at the Church of The Good Shepherd, at Quincy, Ill., on St. Matthew's Day.

At St. Ignatius' Church, New York, there was a Memorial Celebration at seven A. M. on Oct. 24th, the Rev. Dr. Ewer being the Celebrant, at which an unusually large number of the Faithful were present. On the preceding Sunday the Rector had delivered a Commemorative Address upon the Memphis Dead with special reference to the Rev. C. C. Parsons, to Louis, and to Sister Ruth, who was a God-child of the Reverend Preacher.

The following memorandum is from one of the Rev. Clergy of the Church of The Advent, in Boston. It is

of peculiar interest to note that the three days specially marked were the three well and active entire days granted to Louis in Memphis:

"We did not have any *special public* Requiem for the Priests and Sisters at Memphis. They were in our prayers all the time. During that week we observed in Church Three Days (Sept. 9th, 10th, 11th) of Special Intercession. We said each day at noon the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Litany, preceded by a short bidding-prayer to this effect:

"Let us pray for all who are suffering from the fever;

"For the removal of the pestilence;

"For the Sick—Patience and Recovery;

"For the Bereaved and Destitute—Comfort and Provision;

"For the Dying and Departed—Mercy and Peace;

"For the ministering Clergy, Sisters, Physicians, and Nurses—Protection in soul and body;

"For the whole people—Repentance and the Fear of GOD—and especially our Prayers are asked for [I copy from a Paper of notes for one day which I happen to have in my office-book]—

"Sister Constance—Entered into Rest;

"Rev'd Geo. C. Harris,
"Sister Hughetta,
"Sister Thecla, } Sick;

"Rev'd Dr. Dalzell,
"Rev'd L. S. Schuyler, } Who have volunteered to take the place of Priests who have fallen."

At the Church of The Transfiguration, in New York, there was daily remembrance, at the Celebration, of Louis during his illness, and on the morning after

tidings of his death were received the Celebration there was with special reference to him, his name being introduced at the usual place, as had been the names of those who had entered into rest before him.

The Rev'd Dr. Houghton has transcribed for this Memorial from his Thanksgiving Sermon the following passages relating to Louis:

"In the Sacristy of this Church he knelt for Absolution and Benediction, and from thence he went forth as resolutely and cheerfully as if there had been no pleasanter journey for him to take, and elsewhere no pleasanter duties for him to perform than at its end. Soon after his arrival in Memphis he telegraphed to me the death of one of the Sisters, and added: 'The Holy Sacrifice is daily offered.'

"Until his arrival there had been no one for quite an interval to celebrate the Holy Communion. A week passed, and another Priest—all honour to him!—the Rev'd Dr. Dalzell, who, leaving wife and children and Parish, had gone up from Shreveport for the Lord's and the brethren's sake to minister, as Priest, physician, nurse, almoner, friend, and in whatever other way mortal could, and who for more than six weeks continued so to minister to the people of Memphis—telegraphed: 'Dear Schuyler is very ill.' Then followed the daily dispatch, now with a word of encouragement—then of his desperate condition—until, on the tenth day after his reaching Memphis, came the telegram: 'Dear Schuyler entered into rest at half-past two this morning. He was rational, resigned, and Received shortly before he died.'

"A letter written soon after says: 'Dear Mr. Schuyler's work here was short, but full of blessing. He

baptized General ——— not long before his death, and great indeed must have been the earnestness that won such a skeptic.'"

There was a Memorial Celebration at St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia, shortly after Louis' death—but the exact date is not remembered.

At St. James' Church, at Watkins, N. Y., on All-Saints' Day there was a special Commemoration of Louis at the Celebration, with reference in the Sermon to his life and work.

By reason of the absence of the Bishop of Albany until Christmas there was no Memorial Service in the Cathedral there, but in the Bishop's Address, at the Eleventh Annual Convention of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doane said: "Schuyler has gone, too; dead at his place of duty; not from this Diocese, but after long enough residence in it to make me know how earnest the consecration of his every aim and thought was to the Master's service; in Whose 'forlorn-hope' he fell, I am quite sure without a thought even of any special sacrifice or peculiar honour."

An account of the Service held at Fonda, in the Diocese of Albany, where Louis once was stationed, is contained in the following extract from the *Mohawk Valley Democrat*, dated September 27, 1878, published at Fonda, Montgomery Co., N. Y.:

"*In Memoriam.*—On Sunday, the 22d of September, there was held at Zion Church a solemn Memo-

rial Service for the Rev. Louis S. Schuyler, a victim of yellow-fever. As upon former occasions, everything was done in a quiet, unostentatious manner; but upon entering the sacred building, one was deeply impressed with the appropriate decorations. Upon the Lectern an anchor of immortelles spoke of hope beyond the grave; while in the Font a beautiful Cross of white dahlias and purple verbenas told of the faith that grows brightest at death.

"Covering the Altar from whence his hands had dispensed the Bread of Life, hung a purple cloth on which rested a white cross and the inscription—*In Memoriam*—bringing first to our minds the remembrance of the one great Sacrifice of our dear LORD, and with it a tender remembrance of him who gave himself a willing sacrifice, that he might minister to the spiritual needs of those who were passing by hundreds into the dark valley friendless and alone but for the faithful servant of CHRIST, who, holding the Blessed Cup to parched lips, repeated the precious words, 'The Blood of our LORD JESUS CHRIST which was shed for thee preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting Life.'

'An appropriate and impressive sermon was delivered by the Rev. Chas. H. Vandyne, after which the Holy Communion was celebrated, in which that portion of the Creed,—'*I believe in the Communion of Saints*,'— was beautifully illustrated."

The following letter is an instance of Services held in places where Louis was personally unknown:

"DETROIT, MICH.,
"5th Feby., 1879.

"My dear Sir: The Requiem Celebration for Fr. Schuyler took place on Thursday, Sept. 19th, at 9:00

A. M., and was attended by a large number of the Faithful. We at Holy Trinity believe in the Communion of the Saints; and during those fearful days offered the Sacrifice continually for those who were fighting the pestilence, and for the dying. When word came to us that dear Fr. Schuyler had gone, I said to the people in a Sermon, 'the dear young brother deserves the Martyr's Crown.' And when he received it we gathered round the Altar, offered the 'Venerable and Tremendous Sacrifice' for his repose; and at the same time our glad thanksgiving for his 'good example.' None of us had ever known Fr. Schuyler personally, but he was as dear to us, and his *grand work* and Martyr's death as precious, as if he were our own flesh and blood; for we think we know that he was with our LORD JESUS CHRIST 'bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh.' And so we had fellowship with him in CHRIST. Thus was he more to us than he could have been by the accident of birth. On the following Sunday at Vespers I made an address in which the above thoughts were expanded, and I told the people what I knew of Fr. Schuyler, and exhorted all to seek such union with our LORD as Fr. Schuyler so evidently had, and so bring to perfection the fruit of Holiness.

"Faithfully yours,

"W. R. TILLINGHAST."

At the Church of The Holy Innocents, Oak Hill, St. Louis, a Memorial Service was held on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 22d, 1878. The Church was filled to overflowing. The Rector, the Rev. A. Batte, in a eulogy described as "in accord with the feelings of all present" depicted Louis' "noble, self-sacrificing

and devoted Ministry and his heroic death—amid the tears of the whole Congregation."

The following account of the Service at Trinity Church, St. Louis, is taken from a newspaper report:

"A Celebration of the Holy Communion took place at Trinity Church, corner of Eleventh street and Washington avenue, yesterday at 7:30 A. M., commemorative of the Rev. Louis Schuyler, who so nobly laid down his life while ministering to the sick in Memphis.

"The Altar was draped in black, the frontal bearing the text 'He hath borne our griefs.' The Rev. George C. Betts was the Celebrant and the Rev. H. D. Jardine acted as Deacon, both of whom were intimate friends of the deceased Priest.

"After the Creed the Rev. George C. Betts delivered the following eulogy:

"'In the Name of the FATHER, and of the SON and of the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

"'The Reverend Louis Schuyler has entered into rest. From the work of his Priesthood in a plague-haunted city his pure soul passed into Paradise on Tuesday morning last at half-past two o'clock, in the twenty-seventh year of his age. I tried to tell you last Sunday, when I besought your prayers on his behalf, how dearly I loved him; and now that he is no longer with us in the flesh I love him still, for he still lives;

> " 'There is no death! What seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
> Whose portal we call death.

"'His steadfast faith in GOD, his ardent love of our dear LORD, his intimate communion with GOD the

HOLY GHOST, his devout life, his gentleness, purity and amazing courage were conspicuous to those who were most intimate with him, while at the same time his sweet humility made him quite unconscious of how radiant an example of piety he was to us.

"'I dare not now trust myself to tell the memories that crowd upon me of his short ministry; indeed, many of them are of too sacred a nature to bear repetition. There are scenes that rise before me in which heart bared itself to heart, and prayers and tears of love were mingled, and blessed sacraments and earnest vows made up a friendship which cannot be sundered by any cause; for as we often prayed with and for each other on earth, so now I still bear him in my heart and on my lips before GOD, and I know that he remembers and prays for us who await the coming of the LORD.

"'I say with the fullest conviction of its simple truth that his life, his work, and what men call his death, were worthy of a Saint. Many there are in this vicinity, where, for a time, he executed his Office, who owe their peace and salvation under GOD to his ministry, and who with others in more distant places will in the last day rise up and call him blessed.

"'Indeed he had but one object on earth—to glorify GOD in the salvation of souls. Christlike he went about doing good, wise to win souls, keeping the Cross of JESUS ever before his eyes, and faithful in prayer, constant in devotions at the Blessed Sacrament, he was by the Grace of GOD utterly lifted out of himself and seemed to live day by day in the very presence of our dear LORD.

"'It is just one year ago that he left this city for England, purposing to devote his life to a more intimate union with our Blessed Redeemer. In the Parish that he served while here, the memory of his

labours is still fragrant and sanctifying. Ill-health, however, preventing the immediate accomplishment of a design that was very dear to him he returned to this country and when sufficiently recovered he took duty at The House of Prayer, in Newark. There it was my delight to visit him frequently this Summer and renew an affectionate intimacy that always strengthened and encouraged me. Once having asked me to Celebrate at the Altar there, he put his arms about me and said: 'you must esteem this a great favour, for I do not like to give up this Service to anyone.' He anticipated with great joy his settlement at the Church of The Holy Innocents in Hoboken, to which place he removed on the first of this month. It was from this Parish that the Rev. Mr. Parsons went, who recently offered up his life to GOD while caring for the sick and dying in Memphis. There I last saw him, and the very last conversation that we had together was relative to the peaceful close of a poor man's earthly life, in whom I knew him to be spcially interested.

"'From thence, on hearing that Mr. Parsons was stricken with the yellow-fever, he went to Memphis with the bravery, aye, with the joy of the Christian Martyr, 'who counted not his life dear unto himself;' he was impatient of a single day's delay that was forced upon him at Louisville, thinking only of the souls that were passing away without the Blessed Sacment or the ministrations of a Priest, and when he heard of Mr. Parsons' death he would be detained no longer, but gladly took up from JESUS' feet the burden which that faithful Priest laid down, and so entered upon his last earthly work.

"'He said: 'Why do you regret my going; GOD calls me; I am safe in His hands; He will do what

is best for me.' And so he did. GOD accepted his work for a little while, and oh, what a work that must have been! and then took him to Himself, vouchsafing to him all his faculties to the last, graciously permitting him to send loving messages to his friends and to receive for the Viaticum the Blessed Sacrament.

"'While he was yet with us we mourned for him and besought GOD to spare him, but He had some better thing in store for him, and now—now I adore the Infinite Love—and bless and praise the mercy and the grace that has crowned His faithful Priest with everlasting joy and that will reward him with all His Saints by opening to him the Beatific Vision at the last.

"'Oh, think! in that blessed Paradise he has already met those whose last hours on earth were made peaceful by his ministry, whose aching heads *his* hands were the last to touch; to whose parched lips but a few days ago he carried the most precious Body and Blood of CHRIST, whose ears, closing to all earthly sounds, heard his sweet voice commending their souls to a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour; whose eyes, just opening to the sights of another world, saw as the last of earth the tender face of this young Priest, full of compassion, bending over them, and his hand signing them with the Sign of the Cross.

"'Grant to him, LORD, eternal peace, and let light perpetual shine upon him. Make him to be numbered with Thy Saints in glory everlasting, and give us grace so to follow his good example that we, with him and all Thine elect, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thine eternal and everlasting glory, through JESUS CHRIST, our LORD.

"'I will not,' said our blessed LORD to His chosen, 'drink of this fruit of the vine until that day when I

drink it new with you in My Father's Kingdom.' What mystic Eucharist is our dear brother sharing and Celebrating now! What grand choirs are bearing upward his strong love and blissful adorations in that land which no mortal may know! And how with us to-day, with Angels and Archangels and all the Company of Heaven, he lifts up his voice in that song always one and always new, in which day by day we praise and magnify GOD'S glorious Name!

"'Yes! GOD has joined us together in one communion and fellowship in the Mystical Body of His Son, and looks, as I trust and believe, in loving commendation upon our act to-day, when in spirit we unite earth and heaven in this Blessed Sacrament of His love, and long for that time when the sorrows and the partings of earth will be exchanged for the joyful meetings and the glad greetings in the ineffable peace and the undimmed glories of Heaven.'

"During the delivery of the address the congregation (among whom was the venerable father of the deceased) was visibly affected. To many, if not all of them, the young Clergyman was known, and the evident emotion with which they joined in the remainder of the Service and in the reception of the Eucharist was a testimony of their sympathy and affection that must have been gratifying to his afflicted father and more immediate friends.

"The Rev. L. Schuyler was a true hero, a faithful Christian soldier, and he met the approach of death with a calmness and, as a correspondent said, with a happiness that would have graced a Christian Martyr.

"May he rest in peace!"

The following account of the Memorial Celebration at the Cathedral in Memphis, on Sunday Dec. 22d,

1878, and abstract of the Sermon of the Very Reverend Dean, are from a newspaper of the time:

"Memorial Services of Priests, Sisters, Laymen of St. Mary's Cathedral and members of the Bluff City Greys, were held in St. Mary's Cathedral last Sunday. The two companies, Bluff City Greys and Chickasaw Guards, in full-dress uniform, with side-arms, moved in column down the centre aisle and occupied seats reserved for them on either side of the Chancel. The body of the Church was densely packed from an early hour, and many retired, unable to procure standing room. At eleven o'clock the clear, ringing voices of the chorister-boys were heard from the Sacristy, and the white-robed procession advanced to the Chancel singing the 202d hymn. After Litany, said by the Rev. Mr. Lynn, of Mississippi, the Memorial Celebration of the Holy Eucharist was begun, the Very Rev. Dr. Harris, Dean of the Cathedral and Chaplain of the Bluff City Greys, being Celebrant and Preacher.

"The text was from Hebrews xi. 21:

"'By faith Jacob, when he was a-dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph, and worshipped leaning upon the top of his staff'.

"'In the first verse of this chapter, which has no other like it in all Holy Scripture, St. Paul makes abstract statement concerning the reality of subjective Christian faith, and proceeds in the subsequent verses to fortify the statement and illustrate its meaning by exhibiting, one after another, instances of it taken from the previous history of the Church, and preserved in the records of the ancient people. He would have us understand that faith is that which makes real and actual before the time, that hope which reaches out and grasps the Invisible and the Infinite.

"'Christian faith is the substance or realness of things hoped for. This is that by which Patriarchs and Prophets took into their hearts the yet unfulfilled promises of GOD—received beforehand the things promised to be given. I cannot help thinking there is much in the faithful life and faithful death of the Patriarch Jacob reproduced in our own day, and entering largely into the practical Christian life of our own time. The life was a long one, but the story of it is quickly told, so simple was it and so blessed of GOD. Almost at the beginning of it, as we may say, he goes forth from home, as his father Abraham had gone before him, not knowing whither or for what, only burdened and weighed down by an incommunicable sorrow. Reduced to the poverty which knows no shelter, and having no place where to lay his head, like still another Who went the same way long after, he lays himself down to rest upon the lap of Mother Earth and commends his life and way of life to GOD. He little knew then how very near he had come in his desolation to Almighty GOD, nor how the emptying of the heart of all earthly joys had but opened the way for higher and nobler and purer. It is then the angelic vision is opened to him, it was then he saw with his soul's bright eyes the very Angels of GOD ascending and descending. It might be too much to say that to every Christian man is vouchsafed the angelic vision. The varying degrees in which different men seek to come into the Divine presence, the varying degrees in which they give up themselves and their selfish schemes for the love of GOD and the service of man makes it impossible we should look always to find the same results. But this may be truly said that to any Christian man GOD comes, one way or another, even though the human eyes 'be

holden that they do not know Him.' It may be it would bring you real comfort to be sure of this in your case—to know that the very detachment of soul from earthly joys which your hard lot brings you is from the loving hand of GOD—and that the purpose of it all, so far as it relates to you, is the opening through the sombre shadows of a glorious vision. I know there is many a Christian here to-day who needs the comfort of this thought, for there could be no comfort in the blinding mystery of life and death did they have no faith in GOD. You have come to realize what was not in all your thought. You stand to-day beside the grave of many an early dream. You have learned, as it may be nothing else could have taught you, to eat and sleep with disappointment; or sleepless, to watch by the couch of many a hope, and you have seen it fail and die. I do not underrate such trials of human strength. I know myself as well as any one can know, how hard it is for men who are to stay here to say farewell; to unloose the clasp of undying friendship and affection; to see a dear love sail away in its purity and sink its white sails in the sea, regardless of the outstretched hands, regardless of the beseeching voice and the panting, yearning heart left behind on the sandy beach. But I know also this one thing more, and some of you know it better than I—that the dear LORD was very near to us then. He knew we should feel the blow. He knew that on the promotion of the Chosen 'sorrow would fill our hearts.' We have grown familiar with the thought of the world's sympathy. All of us have faith in that and appreciate it, but we do not sufficiently grasp the other and higher thought. If human sympathy flowed out like a great river towards us, what, think you, would be the simili-

tude to which we should liken the sympathy of the great loving heart of JESUS CHRIST? The spoken words, 'I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you,' come falling on the heart like April showers on parched earth. True as GOD'S eternal Word, we shall look again, you and I, into those dear faces—bright and cheerful here—but there radiant with the very light of Heaven. Meantime they leave with us their benediction. As Jacob, when he was dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph, so these the beloved leave behind not only the legacy of a precious memory; this would be a great deal—but also their loving farewell, which is real, their blessing and benediction, which do not require mere words to make them real things. And who can doubt that their faithful love in Paradise still embraces us and still prays for us who are waiting and struggling mid the trials of life. Who can doubt their desire that we should continue to cherish our love for them and to pray for them, the same as when they were with us. Our danger certainly in this day does not lie in the direction of too much faith. If we thank GOD, as we must, for the good example of heroic life and not less nor more heroic death, we have yet another thing to do, and we do it—instinctively we do it. The true memorial of those whom we have personally known and who were faithful unto death, is very much more than a memory of qualities however excellent, or of examples however deserving of emulation. In the prayer for the Church Militant we bless GOD for them, themselves, and not their qualities or their virtues only.

"'But there is something to be daily done by you and me, which rightly done shall help us on to the loftier Vision of the Son of Man in His glory. By old tradition it is said that the Patriarch Jacob, rous-

ing from the slumber in which he had realized as never before the presence of his GOD, found on the ground by his side a staff, the same staff which he carried always after, and leaning on which he worshipped GOD 'when he was a-dying.' The vision was extraordinary and was to be never more repeated, but the staff was at once the memorial of it and also the emblem of a Divine Presence continually abiding. It meant to him GOD's providence—that which he could lean upon every day and hour and find support and strength. This same staff has been the support and strength of many another since then. The mighty company of faithful ones, growing ever larger and now calling in its roll many a name we once ourselves were wont to call, have leaned all, and no doubt lean to-day, in life and worship on this staff. Especially strong did it seem in the day of danger, the long drawn out day which tried men's souls and tried their faith in GOD, and tried their love for man; which put the utmost tension on the strongest nerve of Priests and Sisters and people, civilians and soldiers; which also brought to so many the death unto which they were faithful. I know of many little incidents in the latter life of many whom we commemorate to-day, which would well illustrate their strong faith and their great trust in the loving providence of GOD, and at the same time their entire willingness, and even great anxiety, to have GOD choose for them the issue of it all. Time would fail me to speak now of these incidents as under other circumstances I should be glad to do. But I must not forego the mention of one such incident which seems to be a typical one, and wherein expression is given in words to thoughts which were in many another heart. A man said one morning to a woman: 'You are attempting too

much. You must desist. If the fever strikes you in this condition you will be sure to die. Go home.' And the woman said slowly, and with deep feeling: 'No, I shall go on as I am. I shall do my duty, and I would do it if I knew certainly the result would be as you say. I would gladly die to save the patient's life.' The patient lives to-day, and that tireless daughter of the Divine Love is in Paradise. Dear brethren, I know no words in which to tell the deep admiration, the affectionate reverence with which I look upon such saintliness, for what is this but the perfection of heroism, which is sanctity—self-denial unto death. As we look over the long roll of our dead, not of this Church only, or of this military company, but of the five thousand who, within the four months last past, have laid down their lives, we cannot resist the conviction that there is among them many a heroic Martyr, true as any in the Noble Army. And no doubt the happy Vision of Peace has come to many a soul to whom a human judgment would not award it. Their number is larger than we think. There are few things the love of God will not pardon in a man who dies for men. The Church has always recognized and honoured the Baptism of Blood, even when there was no other Baptism. Especially has it always been her custom to commemorate her dead in connection with Eucharistic worship. It is there she keeps in mind the great body of the Faithful departed, there keeps fresh in our minds and hearts the Christian teaching of the Communion of Saints. You, my brethren, are bold enough to use the word, dare also to believe it, and to act upon that faith. Dare to take those dear names upon your heart, and offer them in intercession to your God, who is also their God. Who knows and who can say

whether your own salvation may not come to be the result of a reciprocated intercession? Our Blessed LORD Himself prayed even for the unborn, for such as had no existence out of His own heart. 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for all them also who shall believe on Me through their word.'

"'ETERNAL REST GRANT UNTO THEM, O LORD, AND LIGHT PERPETUAL SHINE UPON THEM!'"

Shortly after the date of this Service Louis' father, the Rev. Dr. Montgomery Schuyler, of St. Louis, visited Memphis and there in St. Mary's Cathedral, on Sunday, Jany. 19th, 1879, he preached the following Sermon on "The Doctrine of the Communion of Saints":

Hebrews xii., 23: "'To the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect.'

* * * * * * * *

"The words of the text present us with a statement of the fact, which is indeed one of ineffable value, that there is a community of feeling and interest between the members of the Church on earth and in Paradise. Those on earth are represented by the designation of 'The General Assembly and Church of the first born,' whose names are registered or enrolled in Heaven, 'because by the introduction of their names into the Book of Life, they are *registered* as citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven, with the assured prospect of the Heavenly inheritance.'

"In the words, 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' we are presented with the declaration that as members of the same Church there are those who have cast off their mortal habiliments and stand

complete in the enjoyment of an inheritance, upon the fulness of whose possession, after the Resurrection, there can rest no contingency.

"This is a subject which must have been often in your thoughts, and dwelt upon with comfort in your reflections; from the fact that of late so many of your number have been passing from earth to Paradise. As we think of the Sainted Dead, must not the question arise, Have they lost all thought and interest in us? and can we no longer reach them with our sympathy? There are certain great and fundamental truths which are *de fide;* which are essential to the integrity of the Faith, and which are required of all to be believed, who would be in fellowship with the Catholic Church; and there are matters of opinion, which have not been dogmatically defined, and about which there may be a difference of interpretation. It is well for us under all circumstances to be humble and modest in venturing beyond the simplest deductions of any Article of the Creeds, or in giving an interpretation not borne out by the literal meaning of their language.

"'The Communion of Saints' is a Doctrine specifically stated in what is termed the Apostles' Creed; and though not introduced until the latter part of the Fifth Century, it has always been received as taught in GOD'S Holy Word. What is implied in this doctrine can only be deduced in its fulness and details from the teaching of the Bible and the interpretation of the Church. Bp. Pearson, in his great work on the Creed, thus speaks: 'Indeed the Communion of Saints in the Church of Christ with those who are departed, is demonstrated by their Communion with the Saints alive. For if I have Communion with a Saint of GOD as such while he liveth here, I must still

have Communion with him when he is departed hence; because the foundation of that Communion can not be removed by death. The Mystical Union between Christ and His Church, the spiritual conjunction of the members to the Head, is the true foundation of that common union, which one member had with another, all the members living and increasing by the same influence which they receive from Him. But death which is nothing else but the separation of the soul from the body maketh no separation in the Mystical Union, no breach of the Spiritual conjunction; and consequently there must continue the same communion, because there remaineth the same foundation.' St. Paul, in writing to the Galatians, says, 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in CHRIST JESUS.' We are 'baptized by one Spirit into one Body'—and that Body, as you know, Brethren, is the Church of CHRIST, and that Church is the same, whether tossed upon the waves of this troublesome world, or at anchor in the haven of Eternal Rest.

"And St. Paul in illustrating the intimacy of the relation between husband and wife, has given us still more clear and explicit definitions of the intimacy of the relation which subsists between CHRIST and His children through His Church, when He says, 'For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the LORD the Church: for we are members of His Body, of His Flesh and of His bones.' There can be no stronger expressions by which to illustrate our union with Christ the Head; and through Him, of our union with one another.

"But the question here arises—Can there be any expression of this Communion between the Saints on earth and the Faithful Departed in their Home of

Rest and Felicity. Bp. Pearson remarks—'That we communicate with them, in *hope* of that happiness which they actually enjoy, is evident; that we have the Spirit of GOD given us as an earnest and so a part of their felicity is certain. But what they do in Heaven in relation to us on earth particularly considered; or what we ought to perform in reference to them in Heaven beside a reverential respect and study of imitation is not revealed to us in the Scriptures.'

"And yet, Brethren, there are, it seems to me, intimations and legitimate deductions, which justify the entertaining and the practicing them as opinions which can not fail to give us comfort, and to lighten the heavy burden of sorrow which the bereavements of this life so often impose. It is generally conceded that death, which is but the separation of the soul from the body works no moral change. Men, women, or children do not lose thereby the characteristics of heart and mind which constitute their identity in this present state of being. They are men, and women and children, in all their intellectual faculties and moral qualities and heart affections, when disrobed of the material body. The body does not give shape to the mind, or mould the qualities of the heart. It is the *soul* which constitutes my identity; for according to the teachings of physiology, I have a new body every few years. When, then, the soul leaves the body and starts on its journey to the Spirit Land, it goes with its present faculties and affections.

"And if it be true, as I think will not be questioned, that there is no change of character in the article of dying; then, when the Dead in CHRIST are at rest in Paradise; they are there with their memories and loves; and though their affections are purified and there is no taint of carnal lust, yet, the bonds and

ties of a Saintly affection, are as quick and strong as when mingling in the intercourse of earthly friendships. And in this fact we have a practical illustration of what constitutes the Communion of Saints, or the ground of communication between the Saints in Paradise and their brethren in the world. Now, when those who are bound together here by the nearest and dearest ties, are absent from each other; are separated perchance by the broad ocean, and the wonted Communion of Spirits is necessarily interrupted; they are yet one in all the precious memories of the Past; in bright anticipations of a speedy reunion, and in the burning flame of love which glows undiminished, despite the distance which separates them from each other.

"It is true, as the achievement of Modern Science, the Ocean has been spanned, and from either side we may now talk as if face to face with one another; but across the dark waters of Jordan there has been no telegraph, and yet the soul's communion is not interrupted. It is the province of Faith, grounded upon legitimate deductions from the Word of GOD, and in conformity with the teachings of His Holy Church, to believe that we are remembered and loved by the Faithful Departed in Paradise. Like the temporary separation on earth of those whose hearts are united in Christian Love, as there is no change in them in consequence of such separation, so, in crossing the narrow sea which divides this Heavenly Land from ours, the bonds are not sundered which link together the living and the dead—

> "'And ever near us, though unseen,
> The dear immortal spirits tread;
> For all the boundless Universe
> Is life—there are no dead.'

It is said of Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, when she saw that her death was at hand in a strange country, Navigius, her other son, expressed a wish that she might die in her own land; but her one care was that she might remain, body as well as soul in the Communion of Saints. 'Lay this body anywhere,' said she: 'let not the care for that in any way disquiet you; this, only, I request, that you would remember me at the Altar of the LORD, wherever you may be.'

"While just on the verge of Eternity and about to be separated from all earthly intercourse, as she hoped to remember them, she would wish to be remembered by them, whenever at the Blessed Eucharist they should come up to sup with their LORD and share the Life-giving Food of His most Blessed Body and Blood.

"And so, Brethren, the Church has provided that we should remember the Faithful Departed, whenever we would call to mind Her Great Head; whenever 'with Angels and Archangels and all the Company of Heaven we laud and magnify His Glorious Name.'

"Practically, we none of us appreciate this privilege as we ought. How many of you, and how often, when you come to kneel at the Chancel, where Brethren and Sisters beloved in the LORD once gathered; where those nearest and dearest to you, year after year, knelt by your side, but are now, as we humbly trust, resting in Paradise—how often, as you wait in the presence of your LORD, do you bear them on your heart before Him, and seek an intercommunion of the choicest blessings of His Grace?

"We may not doubt but that *they* remember us and pray for us; and so it is our privilege to recall them to memory, and in the prayer of Holy Church

give utterance to our grateful longings—'And we also bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy Servants departed this life in Thy Faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us Grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy Heavenly Kingdom.'

"And, dear Brethren, let me say, in this age of Materialism, in this day of the discovery of the secrets of Nature and of development and progress in the Arts and Sciences, which minister to intellectual pride, or physical comfort and luxuries, we need to have our thoughts spiritualized, and our minds directed to companionship with themes of a more ethereal nature than the gross occupation of mere money-getting, or even the higher sphere of scientific investigation. It is true, the contemplation of the Divine Character of His infinite attributes and of the marvellous economy of Grace in the work of human Redemption, are themes worthy to engage the highest powers of the sanctified intellect; but we need as it were, stepping-stones to these heights, and we find it in the contemplation of the Spirit World; and of such a nature as to enlist our interest and affections. It is well for us, while our thoughts and cares are engrossed with providing for the family on earth and aiding in their culture and advancement, to remember that there is another family in a better home in whom we have as deep an interest, and that as one by one, they are gathering together *there*, they are thinking and caring and praying for us, and that it is our privilege to interchange kindly offices with them—we are to live for both worlds and to bear in mind the denizens of both —and thus shall we be daily growing in meetness for 'the inheritance of the Saints in Light.' * * * We are to remember that this present life is but as the

Porchway to another, where Life in its true nobility begins; and where alone, *immortality* is written, on every aspiration and every engagement of the soul. * * *

"'Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto JESUS, the Author and Finisher of our Faith.'"

A very solemn and impressive Service was held in The House of Prayer in Newark, on the morning of Saturday, September 28th, 1878. Although eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the Service, was early, yet the Church was well filled with members of the regular Congregation and many who had come from a distance to show their love and reverence for him who had laid down his life for the brethren.

Among the Clergy present were the Rev'd Dr. Morgan Dix, the Rev'd Dr. Anthony Schuyler, the Revs. J. H. Smith, J. N. Stansbury, W. T. Webbe, T. J. Danner, S. P. Simpson, John Sword, G. B. Johnson, Samuel Hall, and John Rice.

The Altar and Sanctuary were hung with purple. Upon the Re-table was a vase of white flowers. A number of glowing tapers illumined the Holy Place. The Font was filled with evergreens surmounted by a beautiful Cross of flowers bearing the motto—"Asleep in JESUS."

At the beginning of the Service the Bishop, Clergy and Choir, preceded by a Cross-bearer, entered the

Church and moved slowly up the aisle, while the organ breathed soft and sweet music. After the procession reached the Chancel the Hymn

"For all Thy Saints who from their labours rest"

was sung.

The Celebration of the Holy Communion followed, with the Rev. H. Goodwin, Rector of the Parish, as Celebrant, and the Rev'd A. L. Wood as Deacon.

After the Creed the Rt. Rev. George F. Seymour, D.D., LL. D., Bishop of Springfield, delivered the following:

ADDRESS.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—We are met together this morning under peculiarly solemn and touching circumstances, to reproduce in some of its leading features a service identical with those which were almost daily held, for a time, sixteen hundred years ago, in a distant quarter of the globe, and by a people differenced from us by almost everything, save communion in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, of which both they and we are members, and by fellowship in sufferings like those which now desolate our land. The Christians of North Africa were the victims of oft-repeated persecutions, and yielded a glorious testimony to their Crucified LORD in their noble army of Martyrs. Day by day as the malice of their heathen enemies decimated their numbers, the survivors met in the early dawn to celebrate the Holy Mysteries, and in sweet communion with their LORD to animate their courage, and sooth their sorrow by thanking Him for the good examples of those, their

Brethren, who a few hours before, had poured forth their blood in the Amphitheatre a witness to CHRIST. When persecution ceased, pestilence filled the air with death, or rather pestilence stayed the hand of persecution, and Christian and heathen alike fell beneath its stroke. Those whose faith sustained them before the Roman Prætor, and in prospect of torture, and the teeth of wild beasts, did not quail in the presence of the unseen destroyer; the Christian aroused himself to the urgency of the awful occasion; he was seen everywhere, nursing the sick, burying the dead, comforting the bereaved, sheltering the helpless and the orphan. His sweet charities of care, and self-sacrifice, were not confined to his fellow Christians, but his love went out to his bitter, and relentless foes, and many a parched lip, that had cried, "the Christians to the lions," was moistened by the hand, that was familiar with the Sign of the Cross, and many a fevered brow, that had lowered with cruel rage at the defenceless believers before the tribunal of Cæsar, or amid the phrensied mob, was pillowed on the breast of a follower of JESUS CHRIST. Those too, who thus took their lives in their hands to minister to the sick, and the dying, were the special objects of the Church's prayers, while living, and of her loving commemoration when dead. Often, and often must the Christians of Carthage, and the neighboring towns have met, as we are assembled this morning, to commemorate the virtues, and thank GOD for the heroic courage, and self-sacrifice of their Brethren, who had laid down their lives, in ministering to the victims of the pestilence. St. Cyprian regards such, as worthy to be ranked with those, who shed their blood for CHRIST. Their death was a quasi martyrdom, and bequeathed a legacy of which the Church might well be proud. It is meet

and right that we should come together, as we have, this morning, to imitate the Christians of the *Cyprianic age* amid experiences very similar to our own. In these days we had much reason to fear that faith was growing weak, and love was waxing cold. But pestilence visits our land, and the sufferings and distress of the fever-smitten regions call for noble endeavour; for generous self-sacrifice of all that men ordinarily hold dear, in behalf of the afflicted, and one and another responds to the appeal for help, and goes forth to minister to the sick, to comfort the bereaved, and celebrate the holy offices of religion, and in so doing, one and another yields up his or her life a testimony to the love of CHRIST. My heart is lifted up in gratitude to GOD for His mercy in giving us such witnesses of the power of the endless life, as have been afforded within the past few weeks in the devotion of the heroic men, and women, who have laboured and suffered, and in many instances, died, for the sake of others. I sorrow, as few beside can sorrow, for the Sisters departed, and for our Priests,who have laid down their lives in loyal, dutiful obedience to the Master, who called them to be His servants. But O I would not bring them back again to earth; for with their best exertions, they could not, in the course of a long life, do one tithe of the good which they have already done, and are now doing, and will continue to do for you and for me and for this whole nation. They have left behind them a rich legacy, a splendid endowment. They have taught us the beauty and value of self-sacrifice. By sacrifice I mean the surrender of all that is most precious to self, for the good of others. To do this requires moral and spiritual power of the grandest kind, and when done, it exerts an influence upon those who witness it, which amounts almost to a fascination. In these degenerate

days of self-seeking and devotion to ease and pleasure, the record which has been made within the past few weeks by brave men and women in confronting danger, battling with infectious disease, and daring to die for others, comes like the breath of Paradise to brace us to higher and better things than we have hitherto known or dreamed of. Conspicuous among those who have thus offered themselves in this crisis of trial and suffering is he, whose precious memory is in the mind and heart of every one of us this morning, and whom presently, we will consciously bring before ourselves in thought, when we 'bless GOD's Holy Name for all His Servants departed this life in His faith and fear,' and again, when we blend our voices 'with Angels, and Archangels and with all the company of heaven,' in saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD GOD of Hosts.' Young in years, goodly in person, of honoured parentage, endowed with excellent natural gifts, enriched with elegant and liberal culture, life was before him bright with the promises, and the hopes with which youth is ever full. Yet richer gifts were his, and they called him early to the reward of the Saints at rest, and he was not disobedient to the divine voice. Duty, he thought, summoned him to Memphis, and he went, not hastily or rashly, but calmly, deliberately, and with full knowledge of the extreme peril in which he placed himself. What is remarkable in his case is the value which he set in deed as well as in word upon the mysteries of GOD, of which by a commission from on high he was made a steward. He did not go to Memphis to nurse the sick, or feed the hungry, though these things, and such as these, he was ready, and glad to do, but he went to minister the Word and Sacraments to those who prized them as he did, and to all who would receive them. It was for this chiefly that he took his

life in his hand, and ventured himself in the pestilence-stricken city. On the banks of the Hudson, amid the romantic Highlands, he received the tidings, that one Sister was sick unto death, and that the Clergy were all down with the fever. The lovely scenery around him, we may imagine, lent its charms to hold him back from going to the Southern City in its agony of desolation and despair. He saw it not, or cared not, if he did see. The next train hurried him to the City, and after consultation with experienced and well-tried friends, he started the day following for Memphis. Arrested at Louisville by the telegrams of those who strove by the promptings of earthly love to keep him back, he lingered until he heard that one of the Rectors at Memphis was dead, and the other very ill. Then he could not longer stay. The sick and dying were without prayer, and the comfort which comes from the presence of the Minister of CHRIST; above all they were without the Bread of Life. He was speedily in Memphis, and from that hour until he breathed out his own precious life in the fever ward of the Hospital, he was instant in season out of season, by night and by day, in performing the holy ministries of his Sacred Office. Abundant were the fruits of his incessant labours during the few days which GOD granted him to live. He soothed and blessed the dying hours of Sister Constance with the Celebration of the Holy Communion, and the Commendatory Office for the departing soul. He brought from the darkness of unbelief into the glorious light of Christian faith and hope on his death-bed a prominent infidel of the State; he poured the oil of consolation into many a wounded spirit, and was busy, after he himself was sick, in giving his ministries of counsel and spiritual help to others. It is necessary to nurse the sick, to feed the hungry, to

clothe the naked, to shelter the orphan. The world recognises these needs, and taught by Christianity, generous, and lavish even, has been the response which it has made to the demands which have come with pathetic voice from the South. But the Gospel, which has inspired this noble generosity in caring for the wants of the body and the natural life, makes special provision for the cravings of the soul, which are more sensitive and essential than any appetites of the flesh. It is to satisfy these spiritual needs that the divine LORD has commissioned his Priesthood to minister the Word and Sacraments. In seasons of health and prosperity we often tax our rhetoric to exalt the value of the offices of the Minister of CHRIST, and in doing so we are not to be censured, for either those means of grace are of priceless worth, or else the Ordinal is worse than mockery. Young Schuyler has shown us that our words are not mere sound, and our claims a pretence. Having no prior duties resting upon him to hold him back, he put his life in peril, and went down into the Valley of Death, that he might enjoy the privilege of ministering in holy things to those who else would die without the Sacraments. What a splendid testimony, this, to the reality of his faith in his own commission, and in the value of the things of which he was put in trust.

"Brethren, this is the eve of the Festival of St. Michael and All Angels. A peculiarly fitting time it is to remember, as we are doing, our departed Brother in the Faith. Angels lead up to the Saints. Angels have the custody of childhood, 'their Angels,' says our LORD, 'do always behold the face of My Father which is in Heaven.' They care for GOD'S chosen ones all through this mortal life, for the Angels are sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation. In

death the Angels carry the souls of the redeemed to Abraham's bosom. And in the resurrection at the last great day, the Angels will gather the good and precious seed, and store it in the eternal garner. The Angels lead up to the Saints, and on the threshold of their Festival, we are met to commemorate the love the devotion, the heroic faith of a Saintly Priest of GOD. You knew him well. For a time he went out and in among you, and his blameless walk and conversation, his holy fervour, his intense zeal, gladdened and strengthened your hearts, and made you better for his presence. You have your part and lot in him, and it is therefore right and proper that we should hold our service of Commemoration in this holy place. But now his last days, his closing hours have made him known, in the beauty and excellence of his character, to the whole Church, and the whole Church has its share in the legacy of his precious example. Such deaths as Schuyler's speak peace and love to all, draw men's hearts together, and silence their differences in the emphasis with which they proclaim the power of that faith, stronger even than death, which we all profess to own. Such deaths as his enrich the world, they tell the busy throng that there are better things to live for and die for than pleasure, or gold, or the prizes of ambition. Such deaths as his introduce us to the company of the Saints, for instinctively we feel that when any one goes out from among us, as he did, it is because the divine Master would no longer allow him to remain in the lower room, but bade him, 'go up higher.' Cherish his memory, dear Brethren, as an inspiration to a higher and holier life, as a witness to the unspeakable value of GOD'S appointed means of grace."

The Bishop's Address was heard with profound emotion. At its close the Hymn, "The roseate hues of early dawn," was sung as an Offertorium, and the Divine Office proceeded. A great number of the faithful partook of the Sacred Mysteries.

After all had received, the Hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," was sung in place of the *Gloria in Excelsis.*

Bishop Seymour gave the Benediction, and with the Clergy and Choir then left the Church in the order of entrance, singing "O, Paradise!"

Thus ended one of the most beautiful and appropriate Services ever held in The House of Prayer.

Surely we may piously believe that he who was there commemorated joined his prayers with those of his brethren that they with him might have their "perfect consummation, and bliss, both in body and soul, in GOD'S eternal and everlasting glory."

A Memorial Celebration of the Holy Communion was held in the Church of S. Mary the Virgin, in New York, on the morning of November 5th, 1878, at eleven o'clock, according to formal votes taken at meetings of two Societies of that Congregation—"The S. Cecilia Society" and "The Burial Guild,"—the S. Cecilia Society offering its services in the musical part of the Celebration, and the Burial Guild ordering

Note.—The abstract of Bp. Seymour's Address (which was *ex tempore*), is compiled from notes taken during its delivery by a member of the Congregation.

the funeral decorations upon and before the Altar.

The Rev'd Thos. McKee Brown, Rector of the Parish, was Celebrant, assisted by the Rev'd McW. B. Noyes, Assistant Priest of the Parish.

The following account of this Service was written by the Rector:—

"There were present in the Chancel, of the Clergy, the Rev'd Morgan Dix, S. T. D., Rector of Trinity Church, the Rev'd Chas. W. Morrill, Rector of S. Alban's Church, the Rev'd Edw. H. Van Winkle of this City, and the Rev'd James C. Kerr, Assistant Minister of this Parish. Also, the Rev'd John W. Shackelford, Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, who preached a most eloquent eulogy of the Holy Dead, who laid down their lives in ministering to others during the terrible scourge of the yellow-fever in the South. The Clergy, Sisters of Mercy (S. Mary's Sisterhood), and their Assistants in Memphis, were in our minds; and the several names of Clergymen who were reported to us as victims elsewhere than in Memphis. But prëeminent in our remembrance were the Revs. Chas. C. Parsons and Louis S. Schuyler, with whose history and heroism we were most familiar. The Reverend Preacher, in an *ex tempore* Address, applied to us the lesson of the *Life of Faith*, showing that this Life is one in which Almighty GOD asks us to do that which He would have us do,—not counting the cost, nor even minding what the results may be. For results are with Him, duty and faithful obedience with us. Results may seem inadequate to the labor expended and risks run, but it is altogether His work, and we are called upon to do simply what He directs in implicit faith that it is right.

"The impression made upon us all—and we were a large and devout congregation then gathered together, —was most profound, and I have no doubt that every one spent two holy hours in that sacred time, went away refreshed, and felt that the prayers of the Faithful had risen to GOD'S Throne, acceptable and blessed to the Living and the Dead, in union with that adorable Memorial of His dear Son. I might add, that in the Church of S. Mary the Virgin, we had extra Low Celebrations on every Tuesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, from the middle of September until the end of October, in all thirteen; besides this last Celebration which was a High Service thus conducted by the two Guilds."

The following abstract of his Address on this occasion has been kindly furnished by the Reverend Preacher. It is due to him to say that owing to some miscarriage he was first requested to preach when in the Sacristy, a few minutes before the Service. His Address, was of course entirely *impromptu*, and he felt, at the time, was unworthy of the occasion. Being now requested, after a lapse of four months, to make notes of it from memory for publication, he knows that they must be very incomplete.

Following are these notes of the Rev. J. W. Shackelford's

ADDRESS.

"THE UNKNOWN POWER OF HEROISM, IN THINGS SPIRITUAL."

"'Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part.'—1 Cor. xiii, 12.

"The principle of our life in this world is faith, and so long as we are trammelled by the flesh, it must be

so. It is the characteristic of Christianity that its followers are to take GOD on trust; they are to walk by Faith, not by sight. Our prayers are to be offered because He says, 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and we ask, not knowing how He will answer, whether directly or indirectly, or whether He will answer at all, so that we shall know that it is an answer; and yet we are to go on asking. We are to work, doing the duty before us, be it great or small, in the simple spirit of obedience, not murmuring if it be a small work, not exulting if it be a great one, or seemingly great; not knowing anything of results, but leaving them all with GOD. He works by human means; He uses us; but He works in His own way, and we cannot tell how He is using us, or what the end is to be.

"This applies to the life of the ordinary Christian in the world. The life of faith and trust is the only life which can save from despondency and bring rest and peace.

"And, if this be true, my dear brethren, of the ordinary Christian, in how much higher a degree does it apply to those who are called to a closer contact with spiritual things, in the life of a Religious, or in the Priesthood. Their work must be purely a work of faith. They can prove at best but very little of the results of their labours, and yet they are to fulfil the appointed task as though it were a work with a definite visible end in sight. If we were to look at Christian work from a worldly point of view, as at something done for an end here, which was to redound in some way to our glory, this principle would make it most discouraging. But if we can put aside all personal feeling, all thought of self, except that we are GOD's agents, it becomes a source of highest comfort and encouragement to us. Comfort, because we

know the end is GOD'S glory, and what work can be more exalted than that which by its faithful accomplishment adds a ray to His ineffable effulgence! Encouragement, because no matter how the work may appear to us, so imperfectly done, so barren of results, we know that what is really accomplished is known only to Him who is omniscient, and can be revealed only on the day when we shall see face to face, and know as we are known.

"This thought must dignify all work done for CHRIST, and stimulate the heroic element in us, to do and suffer for Him and His.

"My beloved! a short time back some devoted priests and holy women, moved by the love of CHRIST, and pity for His suffering children, took their lives in their hands, and in obedience to a bitter cry for help, went into the fever-stricken districts of the South to minister to the sick and dying. It was an act of true heroism, which nothing but the holiest of motives could have prompted. 'They counted not their lives dear unto them,' and GOD accepted the sacrifice, and they are lying now in honoured martyr-graves. It is our privilege to-day to remember them before GOD'S holy altar, and to pray, 'Grant them eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine upon them.'

"But what shall we say of the work accomplished by this rare and marvellous heroism? 'Now we know in part.' A wave of sympathy swept over the Church, when the last blessing was pronounced, and these devoted ones had gone on their mission of love, and perhaps, as many felt at that time, gone to receive the martyr's crown. The ripple of this wave was felt beyond the Church's pale, and we dare not doubt that such complete self-abnegation, must in its measure arrest the world, and convince it of the reality of our holy Faith. Such examples cannot be lost.

"But at best we know only in part. 'We see through a glass darkly.' The real effect of such a work we cannot know. It extends into the realm of things spiritual, and can never be fully known while we walk by Faith. Rest assured the work has not been in vain; no tears, no prayers, no service of sympathy there has been lost. The widening circle of such loving sacrifice extends into the infinitude of GOD'S presence, and will only be known in that day 'when He maketh up His jewels.'"

The music of this service was —

Marche Funèbre, - - - - - - *Chopin.*
Processional.
"When our heads are bowed with woe."
Kyrie Eleison, - - - - - *Verdi's Requiem.*
Dies Iræ, - - - - - *Mozart's Requiem.*
Offertory, - - - - - *Inflammatus.*
(From Rossini's Stabat Mater.)
Sanctus, Benedictus, } - - - - - *Wilcox's Requiem.*
Agnus Dei, - - - - - *Mozart's Requiem.*
Libera Me, - - - - - *Verdi's Requiem.*
"I heard a voice from heaven," - - *Jackson.*
Recessional, - - - - - "*O, Paradise!*"
Funeral March, - - - - - *Beethoven.*

The list of official actions concerning Louis' memory is probably incomplete. The following records are accessible to the Editor.

"PARISH OF THE HOUSE OF PRAYER,
"NEWARK, N. J.,
"September 20th, A. D. 1878.

"*To the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, D.D., St. Louis, Mo.:*—

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—When it was known that it had pleased Almighty GOD to take out of this world the faithful soul of your son, the Rev. Louis Sandford Schuyler, lately ministering in The House of Prayer, the Authorities of that Church, being convened, directed us to address to you a letter in their behalf, and in behalf of the whole Parish, setting forth the love and honour in which your son was held among us when living, and the extraordinary mingling of pride and grief with which we contemplate his valiant death.

"We are bidden to cause a copy of this letter to be recorded upon the minutes of the Vestry, in lasting memorial, and to be printed in the public journals as a necessary tribute to the most exalted virtue.

"Your son's ministry in our Parish through the last Summer, in the temporary absence of the Rector, was full of unsparing labour and generous devotion.

"In all holy offices he was constant. His work among the sick, the poor, and the afflicted was unceasing and full of Divine comfort. No duty was ever left unperformed, no cry of distress ever unheeded by him;—no pains unsoothed which he had power to allay; no griefs unstayed, nor penitents unshriven.

"He went about doing good. His beautiful and gracious life was a humble imitation of JESUS CHRIST. He taught us by example the Divine precept, "love is the fulfilling of the law." Now he has perfectly wrought out the Divine ideal and authoritative definition of Love,—'Greater love hath no man than this,

that a man lay down his life for his friends.' May he rest in peace, and perpetual light shine upon him!

"Sir, we cannot approach you with ordinary terms of condolence. The grief and loss are uncommon, but the assuagement and consolation are uncommon also, and it is impossible for us to treat as a mere affliction the issue of that splendid courage and high devotion which have made your son's life and death memorable and illustrious. We pray GOD to have you in His holy keeping.

"We are, reverend and dear sir,
"your most obedient,
"most humble servants,
"J. E. LEARNED,
"J. L. CROCKETT,
"Wardens of the Parish of The House of Prayer."

"CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY,
"81, CONGRESS STREET,
"NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 25, 1878.

"REVEREND AND DEAR DOCTOR:—At a meeting of St. John's Union, held in Christ Church Rooms, last night, I was authorized to send to you the following minute.

"We, as Churchmen of Newark, venture to express our heartfelt sympathy with you, to assure you of the high esteem in which we hold the memory of your son, and to say that his heroic conduct will continue to live among us in Holy Influences through all time.

"It was also resolved that a representation of S. J. U. attend the Memorial Services at The House of Prayer, on Saturday morning next. May I not add that while this whole community mourns with you in

your passing sorrow, it rejoices with you in giving a son, whose name and services will have an *unbounded* effect in this Church, so that we may almost say, that Schuyler has only begun to live and work.

"Again with assurances of our best feelings and holiest wishes,

"Faithfully yours,

"J. NICHOLAS STANSBURY,

"Rector of Christ Church, &c., &c.

"THE REVEREND DR. SCHUYLER,

"Rector of Christ Church,

"St. Louis."

"HOLY INNOCENTS' CHURCH,
"OAK HILL, Sept. 24, 1878.

"At a large meeting of the Parish of Holy Innocents, held in the Church this day in consideration of the death of the Rev. Louis S. Schuyler, former Rector of this Parish, Messrs. G. W. Parker, John Toll, Chas. S. Russell and Geo. Eckels were appointed a committee to prepare an address expressive of the sense of the meeting.

"They presented the following paper, which was adopted, ordered to be spread upon the Records of the Church, to be published in THE CHURCH NEWS, to be properly engrossed, framed and placed in the Church, and a copy to be sent to the family of the deceased:

"IN MEMORIAM.

"REV. LOUIS S. SCHUYLER.

"Louis S. Schuyler was born March 2, 1852. He received his education at Hobart College, and was ordained to the Diaconate Sept. 21, 1874, in Christ

Church, St. Louis, taking charge of Holy Innocents' Parish, Oak Hill, Sept. 29th of the same year. In character and disposition he was gentle, faithful and sincere, having cheerfulness without levity, and dignity without coldness. He had a kindly word and greeting for all his people. He was modest and retiring, not at all self-asserting, but was self-sacrificing in the highest degree, and untiring in his efforts to do good. Religion was a passion with him, and his whole soul was absorbed in the duties of his Priestly office. In sickness, sorrow and distress he responded without delay to every call, and became the faithful watcher, the kind adviser and sympathetic friend.

"While in charge of the Parish he was, on the 5th of March, 1876, advanced to the Priesthood, and his happiness seemed complete when authority was given him to consecrate the sacred elements which it was his privilege to administer to his beloved people, and to partake with them in the Holy Communion.

"He loved his people and was universally beloved by them. He left this Parish a year ago in obedience to what he deemed a duty, and went to England for preparation, intending to devote his life to missionary work. His health failing, he returned to this country and was associate minister at Holy Innocents' Church, Hoboken, New Jersey, when the cry for ministerial help from stricken Memphis reached his ears.

"No clergyman was there to perform the Offices of the Church, all either being sick or having fallen. Without hesitation, although he must have believed from his physical susceptibility to malarious disease that escape for him was impossible, he hastened to the plague-stricken city and deliberately laid down his life in the execution of his duty. No more heroic death has ever been recorded.

"Just one week ago to-day he entered into rest in perfect consciousness and resignation, sending at the last moment loving messages to his friends.

"His memory will ever be fresh in this Parish, and will be associated with those of the Saints and Martyrs of the Church.

"EDWARD MEAD,
"Chairman of the Parish Meeting.
"G. W. PARKER,
"Secretary of the Parish Meeting."

At a regular meeting of the Vestry of the Church of The Holy Innocents, Oak Hill, Diocese of Missouri, held on the 3rd day of February, A. D. 1879, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

"*Whereas*, an elegantly wrought banner has, through the hands of the Rev. Dr. M. Schuyler, Rector of Christ Church, been presented to this Church by Miss Larrabee, of Chicago, as a Memorial of the Rev. Louis Sandford Schuyler, deceased, late Rector of this Parish, therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That we gratefully accept the same, appreciating its artistic skill and beauty, but in a greater degree the delicate remembrance of one who was so much esteemed, while with us, and lamented, now that he has been taken from us.

"*Resolved*, That the same be cherished by us and displayed in or near the Chancel on all occasions of the Celebration of the Holy Communion, and on all Saints' Days.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk of this Vestry be requested to enter these Resolutions upon the Minutes,

and forward a copy thereof to Miss Larrabee with assurances of our highest regard.

"A true copy of the Minutes.

"(Signed) JOHN OXNAM,
"Clerk."

Extract from Proceedings of the Joint Convocations of Newark and Jersey City.

HOBOKEN, N. J., December 16th, 1878.

"*Whereas*, We, the Clergy and Laity of the Convocations of Newark and Jersey City, assembled in joint meeting, in the City of Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 10th, 1878, hold in reverent and grateful memory, C. C. PARSONS and L. S. SCHUYLER, (formerly Priests of this Diocese) who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but at the call of their Master, did their duty so nobly and heroically during the late visitation of yellow-fever in the City of Memphis, and have left us an example of faithfulness unto death, which we pray that we may have grace to follow; therefore

"*Resolved*, That we communicate our warmest sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased.

"*Resolved*, That a committee, consisting of our Deans, two Clerical and one Lay members of these Convocations be requested to solicit subscriptions for 'the Charles Carroll Parsons Scholarship,' to be founded at 'The University of the South.' in memory of that heroic Priest of GOD, who gave his life to the Master's work, in the plague-stricken City of Memphis.

"*Resolved*, That we request the authorities of the 'University of the South' to add the name of the Reverend LOUIS S. SCHUYLER to the same foundation."

On the day of his death the body of Louis was buried by Dr. Dalzell in the Cemetery of Elmwood. He rests there, by the side of his gallant fellow-soldier of the Cross, the Rev. Charles Carroll Parsons, (late Colonel Parsons, U. S. A.)

Between the sleeping forms of these heroes the people of Memphis have reared a Monument of pure white Italian marble, in grateful memory.

Upon a solid base a broad plinth sustains a pedestal of three members, which bears a plain Latin Cross about nine feet high. On opposite sides of the plinth are engraved deeply the names "PARSONS" and "SCHUYLER."

Upon the four sides of the die are the following inscriptions: —

"✠ Charles Carroll Parsons, ✠
Priest.
Died of Yellow-fever,
Sept. 6, 1878."

"✠ Louis Sandford Schuyler, ✠
Priest.
Died of Yellow-fever,
Sept. 17, 1878."

"✠ Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they are not divided. ✠"

"✠ Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. ✠"

And underneath, around the base of the pedestal, is carved the ancient prayer—the "sincere desire"—of the Church for her Holy Dead.—

"✠ *Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.* ✠"

With these solemn mortuary records ends the earthly history of Louis Sandford Schuyler.

—Necesse est tanquam immaturam mortem ejus defleam: si tamen fas est aut flere, aut omnino mortem vocare, quâ tanti juvenis mortalitas magis finita quam vita est. Vivit enim, vivetque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit.

THE END.

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